HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION
WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XIV.—No. 708.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

IN the extremity of the south transept of the venerable Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, is a place allotted by traditional custom to the burial or obituary record of men whose literary genius has adorned the English nation. For many ages this has been called "Poets' Corner." Here is the tomb of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the Father of English Poetry," who was also a man of official business, Clerk of the Works in the precincts of the King's palace at Westminster, including the Abbey. He died in October, 1400, at his house close by, which stood on the site of HENRY VII.'s Chapel. The first English printer, CAXTON, who set up his types and worked his press in a chapel of the Abbey, caused a simple tablet, with a couplet of Latin verse written by a scholar of Milan, to be placed above his friend CHAUCER's grave. A century and a half later, in 1556, Mr. NICHOLAS BRIGHAM, "in the name of the Muses," erected the well-known monument of gray marble, with a full-length statue of CHAUCER, copying the head, the costume, and the attitude from OCCLEVE's contemporary portrait. That was the beginning of Poets' Corner.

In this sacred precinct, within a few steps of old CHAUCER's grave, lie the remains of CHARLES DICKENS. The engraving underneath shows the position of the grave in respect to the well-known cenotaph of SHAKSPEARE, which stands against the wall, with the monuments of NICHOLAS ROWE, JAMES THOMSON, MATTHEW PRIOR, SOUTHEY, and THOMAS CAMPBELL; these confronting those of ADDISON, MACKENZIE, and HANDEL, and the bust of THACKERAY. Nearly opposite the grave of DICKENS is that of Lord MACAULAY.

In accordance with the following explicit directions in his will, no costly monument will be erected to his memory: "I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. ......I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto."

After his interment "Poets' Corner" was visited by thousands, many of whom brought flowers to lay upon his grave, which will henceforth be a sacred spot, with the New World as well as with the Old, as that of one of the greatest representatives of the literature not of England only, but of all who speak the English tongue.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

With the present Number of the WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the fourth Monthly installment of*

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Six Parts of this story were completed when the author was stricken down by death. They will be given in the WEEKLY *in due course.*

Next week will be commenced the publication of

"BRED IN THE BONE,"

a new Serial Story of great interest, founded on incidents of Prison Life in England, by the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," *and other popular Novels.*

THE OLD STORY.

AT the late Commencement of Cornell University ex-Governor SEYMOUR delivered an address upon the character and influence of New York as moulded by its founders, and its history as determined by its topography and geography. The orator stated and urged the claims of the Dutch element in our history. In Mr. SEYMOUR'S judgment, it is not from England, depressed by the long tyranny of the PLANTAGENETS, the TUDORS, and the STUARTS, but from republican Holland, that we derive our best ideas of constitutional and commercial law and municipal freedom. To the Puritans, on the other hand, he thinks that we owe a certain vigor of character and appreciation of education and religion. It is the happy mingling of both elements that forms our character. Mr. SEYMOUR calls the principle of the Revolution, "no taxation without consent," a Dutch principle. But it would not be very difficult to show the steady assertion of the substance of that principle through all the tyranny of PLANTAGENETS, TUDORS, and STUARTS in England. It is not, indeed, from the England depressed by that tyranny, but from the England protesting against it, that America derives its impulse.

Mr. SEYMOUR devoted a considerable part of his address to the explanation of the theory and working of our system of self-government. It is a system which keeps at home the mass of political power, and which does not regard the central government as the source of authority. The orator showed the vital importance of local authority, and asserted the doctrine of State rights. But in our system that is not the necessary assertion. Both reason and experience show that we need to cultivate a national rather than a local feeling. The ties that attach an intelligent people to their town or county or State are close and obvious. They are those of neighborhood, and of direct personal interest. Indeed, in the natural force of that attachment is the ground of peril to the common peace. The most powerful argument against the formation of the Union was the appeal to this jealousy of local authority; while the most convincing proof of the folly of pushing that local authority to extremity was seen in the impotence of the old Confederation. But justly measuring the relative tendencies of centralization and dispersion under a republican system among people in the condition of the colonies, HAMILTON said that, in the Union as formed, the centrifugal would be stronger than the centripetal force; and the event has proved that he was correct.

The element of discord in this country has never been a centralizing spirit, but the doctrine of State sovereignty. This disorganizing tendency began with the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, which were, in essence, the declaration of an authority incompatible with that of a national union, and which, logically, restored the Confederation. Still further and later, the doctrine of State sovereignty was invoked to justify a fatal injury to the common welfare of all the States. Mr. SEYMOUR says that "under our institutions evils are at once removed when intelligence and virtue have shown them in their true light to the communities in which they exist." But our history shows that the greatest of all evils was first fostered by the theory of State sovereignty into monstrous and appalling proportions. Then, that under the same plea the attempt was made not to remove it, but to impose that evil permanently upon the whole country. And when that was opposed, the same theory of State sovereignty attempted the common ruin by disintegration.

The war, the enormous loss of life, and the immense debt are the consequences of the inculcation of the theory of State sovereignty until it became the serious belief of a part of the country that any State was at liberty to revoke its assent to the compact of union, and withdraw. This fatal delusion was greatly due to precisely the kind of statement that is found in Mr. SEYMOUR'S address. And Mr. SEYMOUR'S own hesitating, doubtful, reluctant position during the war was owing to the ascendency which such views had obtained over his mind. The greatest of evils in a free State menaced the Union. "Let the Union go," said Mr. SEYMOUR, in substance, "rather than abolish slavery by the national authority." And plainly, if the government had been administered by those who held the views that Mr. SEYMOUR holds of it, it would not have been maintained. The advice of the Chicago Convention, of which Mr. SEYMOUR was president, to yield to the rebellion, would have been adopted.

The indifference and hostility to the Union which resulted in the war were, we say, fostered by such lessons as those of Mr. SEYMOUR'S Ithaca address. "Instead of being the source of authority," he says, speaking of the national government, "it only receives the remnant of power after all that concern town, county, and State jurisdiction have been distributed." By such teachings the feeling of jealousy and suspicion of the Union has been always instilled. So the tendency in our system which is naturally much the stronger, and which needs no forcing, has been stimulated. It seems to us that Mr. SEYMOUR would better have used the occasion if he had devoted his unquestionable historical attainments, and his reflection upon them, to showing to his young audience that the vital fault of every confederation has been its weakness; that this result is due to obvious causes; that therefore our fathers designed a Union and not a Confederacy; that the harmony of our Union was constantly disturbed and threatened by the undiscriminating assertion of local supremacy; and that this assertion culminated in the bloody and disastrous rebellion to destroy the Union. He might then have shown that, with a wise distribution of political duties in our system, the power of the nation is the guarantee of every thing that is most truly republican in the subordinate forms; and that while an intelligent people will naturally love and maintain their local authority, they should constantly cherish a noble patriotism which makes the glory of the nation the pride of every citizen.

This, rather than the tone of distrust of the national government which pervades all the teachings of the State sovereignty school in which Mr. SEYMOUR was educated, should be the political lesson of to-day in the United States.

CONGRESSIONAL COURTESY.

THE student of the Congressional debates can not help seeing and regretting that the national legislature indulges in a great deal of captious personal criticism. The manners of Congress, indeed, are marvelously improved since the days of the plantation ascendency. The passages between General BUTLER and General FARNSWORTH, or between any other honorable gentlemen, are very much more tolerable than those of the time of BARKSDALE, PRESTON BROOKS, JAMES M. MASON, and WIGFALL. We do not expect now, as then, to see bowie-knives opening, revolvers glistening, and wigs flying when a difference occurs; nor is it easy now to imagine a Representative going into the Senate chamber and deliberately attempting the assassination of a Senator in his seat while other Senators look calmly on. Therefore, disagreeable and mortifying as the Republican bickering is, it is not barbarous ferocity, as when the Democratic party, struggling to perpetuate slavery, was dominant in Congress and the country. It is the party that laughably calls itself "conservative" which played the bully in Congress, as it did in the politics of the country.

As the principles of the Republican party are noble instead of ignoble, civilizing instead of barbarizing, it is a misfortune that it did not allow all trace of bad manners to vanish from Congress with the party of slavery. But honorable gentlemen become so interested in the advocacy of favorite measures that they are sometimes overbearing, and do not spare the unhandsomest insinuations even against their own party friends. Surely a man may differ with another as to the wisdom of a method of attaining a common object without fairly exposing himself to the charge of recreancy to the object. And it is certain that a taunt is the worst of arguments. If Mr. A. and Mr. B. are both seeking a road to a pleasant inn in these fervent days of July, and Mr. A. says that he thinks this way is the straightest, and Mr. B. says that the other road is the shadiest, and Mr. A. thereupon retorts that it is because Mr. B. basely does not wish to get to the inn at all, what must we all say of Mr. A. but that he jumps to conclusions with ludicrous celerity? One thing, at least, is evident, and that is, that he does not wish to convince Mr. B.

We are very sure that honorable gentlemen, in the heat of the weather and of debate, wholly forget what impression will be made upon the country by the little sneers and slurs which they so freely scatter. Those who have the sincerest respect for distinguished Representatives and Senators can not read without very unpleasant emotions that they exchange accusations and insinuations like angry boys at school. Self-command is a very beautiful and a very important virtue; and if one honorable gentleman forgets it, it is a great pity that other honorable gentlemen should immediately hasten to follow his example. Moreover, it is well to remember that the meanest possible motive that can be imagined for supporting a measure is not necessarily the reason that influences the action of honorable colleagues. It was precisely this spirit which accused Senator GRIMES, one of the honestest men in Congress, of being a Judas Iscariot and sold for thirty pieces, because he could not see that a certain charge had been proved. It was, indeed, conceivable that a Senator might be bribed; but to insinuate that a man of the best character was bribed, because he took a different view from his accuser, was unpardonable. One gentleman of the press sneered at the idea of Mr. FESSENDEN'S claiming to have a conscience. Nobody could be supposed to have a conscience who didn't agree with that particular gentleman of the press.

The offenses against courtesy of which we are speaking are, we repeat, very different from the brutality and barbarism of conduct which characterized the days of Democratic ascendency, with its plantation policy; and he who observes the petulant carping and retort of today, and straightway concludes that things are as bad as ever, is as foolish as he who, seeing that there are objections to some Republican measures and men, immediately decides that one party is just like another. But as the public principles and character and history of the Republican party are the noblest in the annals of the country, its Representatives in Congress should take care that their public manners correspond.

A DEAD LOCK.

A LATE dispatch from Washington says that "upon the question of the respective powers of the two Houses in relation to treaties there seems to be a dead lock." The point of the difference is that the House of Representatives claims the right of deciding for itself whether it will appropriate the money which may be required to fulfill a treaty, and without which the treaty would be void. This is, in fact, a claim of power to defeat a treaty which involves the payment of money; and it is a very important question whether such authority is according to the spirit of the Constitution, or whether the House is bound by the action of the President and Senate.

When the clause in regard to treaties was considered in the Constitutional Convention this difficulty was indirectly suggested, by a proposed amendment that no treaty should be binding which was not ratified by law. Mr. MADISON suggested that a distinction might be desirable, that some treaties should be made by the President and Senate, and others by the whole legislature. Afterward Mr. WILSON moved to add the House of Representatives to the Senate in the clause defining the treaty-making power. But he had very little support. In the Virginia Convention the clause was objected to, as giving the President and the Senate authority to dismember the territory of the Union. But this was denied by Mr. MADISON. The chief paper in the *Federalist* defending the treaty-making clause was written by JOHN JAY. But not in that, nor in all the discussion of the subject, was it suggested that, by refusing an appropriation essential to the fulfillment of a treaty, the House of Representatives might exercise an absolute veto upon the power expressly granted to the President and Senate.

The Constitution gives the President authority, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur;" and it provides that "all treaties made, or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." In view of these provisions, after the President and Senate had made the treaty for buying Alaska, could the House, by refusing the appropriation, have nullified it? If it could, is it not a very essential part of the treaty-making power, and can that be justly alleged after the distinct refusal of the Constitutional Convention to make it so?

The object sought by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS'S motion, that no treaty should be binding until ratified by law, is secured by the constitutional provision as it stands. The clause making a treaty the supreme law of the land is its enacting clause as law. When it is made according to the Constitution, the treaty binds the United States and every department of the government, as well as the judges in every State. The House of Representatives can no more constitutionally decline to recognize it than the State courts or the Supreme Court of the United States. If it refuses to make an appropriation involved in the treaty, upon the ground that it does not approve it, it usurps an authority which was constitutionally withheld, and claims to take part in making treaties. And even if the broad claim should be made that the House holds the purse, it is of course by virtue of the Constitution, which, in the case of treaties involving money, has, so far as regards the treaty stipulations, reserved the control of the purse to the Senate and President.

Yet the right claimed by the House is not likely to be surrendered. Members will plead that they can not vote money for a purpose which they do not approve, and that if they must vote, they can not evade the responsibility which by that necessity is laid upon them. To a treaty which, by its own terms, can not be carried out but by the action of the House, the House will claim that it is of necessity a party, and must use its discretion. It was understood long ago, when the St. Thomas treaty was pending, that, even if the Senate ratified it, the House would not make the appropriation. And certainly there was no way of compelling it. The result will be that no treaty involving the payment of money will be actually operative except by the consent of the House. Mr. WILSON'S amendment, which was rejected in the Convention, is thus virtually approved by the practice of the country; and Mr. MADISON'S suggestion, that, for some treaties, the concurrence of the whole legislature should be required, is virtually adopted.

A HOME QUESTION.

THE Indian difficulty seems to be almost hopeless. Two influential chiefs have just been at Washington and New York, seeking to come to some understanding. They are scarcely back again upon the plains—the RED CLOUD has hardly vanished—when the black cloud rolls up, and we are told that we are to have a war. If it be a general war it will be a terrible war; a war full of atrocities and involving enormous expense; and when there comes a lull called peace we shall find that the only result is an immense increase of the debt and a slight decrease of the Indian population. It is not very easy to discover what the exact understanding was between the Government and RED CLOUD. His complaint, however rhetorically served up in the reports, was very distinct. It was the old story of bad faith. "You are the strong power," he says. "You ask us to make a treaty. We make it, and you break it." And that is undoubtedly the truth. Yet it must be allowed that the Indians are a wild and impracticable race; that contact with civilization corrupts them; and that, if we break treaties, they are also treacherous and ferocious. We must deal with facts, not with theories nor hopes nor wishes. It can not be honestly said, for instance, that the approach of the white race and civilization have made the Indian cruel. They found him so.

Shall they, then, be exterminated? If the bare suggestion be denounced as infamous, it is evident that we must do something else than fight them perpetually. But if we find that we can not manage them from without, can we not manage them from within? If, for instance, RED CLOUD and others be really chiefs of influence, why not make them directly serviceable? Why not prove to them the generous intention of the Government, show them its willingness to atone liberally for injuries, explain to them the difficulties which necessarily surround the subject, persuade them that it is not hostile but friendly, and so win the leaders who command the tribes? MACAULAY, in his essay upon "Ranke's History," says that the administrative genius of the Roman Church shows itself conspicuously in turning to account every kind of material, every whim and prejudice and fanaticism and passion. Instead of allowing the discontented or the zealous to withdraw as sects, it organizes them as orders. LOYOLA, at Oxford, would have headed a secession; JOHN WESLEY, at Rome, would have been made general of a new society in the Church.

The principle is as wise in the government of a country as in that of a Church. Is it wholly impracticable in our Indian policy? Is it impossible for us to prove to RED CLOUD and his brethren that their highest interest lies in friendly relations with us, relations that we will honestly maintain? If, indeed, mutual intelligence is impossible—if RED CLOUD is a mere grizzly bear, and it would be as reasonable to attempt relations with the buffaloes as with the Indians, which seems to be the theory of some, let us act accordingly. There is no prohibition upon hunting the buffalo. Every hunter rides and shoots at his own risk. We propose no buffalo treaties; we have no buffalo reservations. If the Indians are mere horned beasts, the only care we need have is to prevent them from goring the frontier. But if they are not buffaloes we must act differently. If we make treaties with them, we must insist that they be observed. The Chinese question excites Congress to that degree that it loses its temper and bandies unhandsome epithets in the freest manner. Is there nobody in Congress from the West familiar with the details of the Indian question who is interested enough to propose an honorable and feasible policy?

PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.

IF General PRIM really wishes to place a German prince upon the throne of Spain, it is the most remarkable event of the revolution in that country. That he thinks Spain must have a king, because a republic seems to him, as probably also to CASTELLAR, impracticable, is very likely; but that he supposes any other than a Spaniard could be a suitable monarch for Spaniards is very difficult to understand. The experiment of foreign kings does not succeed in modern history. The Bavarian OTHO in Greece, and his successor, the Danish GEORGE, are not

enticing examples, and the fate of the Austrian Maximilian in Mexico is a melancholy warning. If Prince Leopold supposes that a foreigner could sit peacefully upon the Spanish throne, he is clearly incompetent to undertake the task. If he supposes otherwise, it is inconceivable that he should wish to try it. It certainly is not an extravagant presumption that General Prim, believing a king to be indispensable, also believes that he must be a Spaniard, and that when it is proved to be impossible to find one of the Spanish blood royal, and impracticable to crown one of any other royal house in Europe, it will be necessary to "create" a king; and since Espartero is not available, who so promising as the leader of the revolution, who has vainly searched Europe for a monarch, and "which his name" is Prim!

But, on the other hand, if the Cortes—the immediate and elected representatives of the people of Spain—invites Prince Leopold to become king, and the Prince accepts, it would seem to be peculiarly the affair of the Spaniards and the Prince. But Louis Napoleon declares that under no pretext would France permit a German prince to sit upon the throne of Spain. It is not, however, very long since Louis Napoleon was entirely willing that a German prince should sit upon the throne of Mexico. But in the Mexican case it was an Austrian who was the humble servant of the French Emperor. In the Spanish case it would be a Prussian and the pupil of the French Emperor's master in state-craft. Louis Napoleon's reasoning, of course, is that if Prussia under Bismarck, which still holds to the Rhine and which has recently eclipsed the French prestige, should also plant itself along the Pyrenees, that prestige would be grievously diminished. To prevent such a result he would be willing to go to war; and, after the late election, he feels himself able to speak for France.

Such a contest begun by France would be an old balance-of-power war. If the Spaniards prefer a German Hohenzollern to a French Bonaparte for king—if they choose to ally themselves to Prussia rather than to France—they have an unquestionable right to do so. The principle of Louis Napoleon's protest is intolerable, because it is one that would lead to endless difficulties. It would renew the wasting war of the Spanish succession. It has been somewhere said that if Prussia persists it would be on her part a mere dynastic war. But if she persists, what is it that she persists in? Merely in permitting one of her princes to accept the invitation of the Spanish people. This makes all the difference. If Prussia had asserted a claim to the Spanish throne, or had proposed to seat one of her princes upon it without a request from the people, a contest would have been unjustifiable. But Prussia refusing to allow France to interfere with her acceptance of the Spanish invitation, can not be fairly held responsible for a war which France may choose to undertake—a war which, on the part of France, would be an attempt to make her will regulate the alliance of Prussia and Spain.

But the result is not one to be decided by reason. After the declaration of the French Foreign Minister war would seem to be inevitable, unless Spain or Prussia should recede. And it might seem certain that one or both would do so except for the fact that Bismarck is a greater statesman than Louis Napoleon, and must have considered every probability. The protest of France was of course expected by him. After the *plebiscite* the character of that protest could not have been doubtful. That he did not expect it is incredible. That he should be willing to withdraw when it is made is not easily conceivable; for it would be to forfeit his renown for astuteness. That he is willing to measure swords with France, or involve Europe in war, seems doubtful. The situation is, therefore, one of peculiar and profound interest.

RUNNING INTO DEBT.

When the last installment of the public debt created by the war of 1812 was ready to be paid—provision having been made for the purpose during the administration of General Jackson—its payment was delayed through the instrumentality of the Bank of the United States, in order to wait, as was charged, for the creation of an equivalent amount of State debt, so that the money might be retained in this country. An examination of the creation of the State debt at that early period will show that it grew up in the proportion in which the last installments of the national debt were paid or expected to be paid. At a triennial meeting of the stockholders of the bank, held in Philadelphia while this process was going on, a resolution was passed that the thanks of the stockholders were due to the Board of Directors "for the distinguished aid which they had furnished in preventing the payment of the public debt from interfering with the course and value of pecuniary investments, and with the currency of the country." The meaning of which is, that through the instrumentality of the bank the later installments of the debt had been shifted over upon the shoulders of the States. The object of sending Mr. Cadwallader to England was supposed to be to gain time on behalf of the bank to pay the foreign creditor; but, although it escaped observation at the time, the true purpose undoubtedly was to negotiate for substituting the one for the other, while at home the creation of State securities was to be encouraged.

The State debt grew more rapidly in Pennsylvania, where the parent bank was located, than in any other State. The secret hostility to the policy of the Administration which, in the view of those who had a horror of debt, this action was supposed to embrace, made it quite apparent that a bank was not the agency to be trusted with that duty. Institutions of that character will seldom take part in the policy of contraction which is involved in sending specie abroad to pay off the public debt. An exaggerated estimate of the power of the country was made at that time on account of the supposed rapid payment of the whole debt. The portion of it thus shifted over upon the States still stands as an encumbrance as to which the trial of payment is still to be endured.

The United States is now repeating this experience. It appears from the statements of Mr. Wells, Commissioner of Interval Revenue—with a copy of the last of which, addressed to Mr. A. T. Stewart, we were furnished in advance of its publication—that for the fiscal year ending with the 30th of June, 1869, the balance against us for the year on the imports and exports of *merchandise*, for interest on national, State, and corporate bonds, for the excess of freights carried in foreign bottoms, and for the expenses of Americans abroad, was about $210,000,000. It appears from his recent approximate estimate for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1870, that the balance against us on these several heads for this year will amount probably to $182,000,000. It appears that for the first ten months of the fiscal year specie to the amount of $21,933,783 had been exported, leaving the residue of the $182,000,000 to be met with *securities!*

The opportunity to pay off the public debt in frequent installments—a measure which is the distinguishing feature of the Administration—has been used as the occasion for creating all manner of State, city, and corporate securities, which have been sent abroad, since the inauguration of General Grant, to an amount largely in excess of the total sum paid off by the government. More than twelve hundred millions of securities have been sent to Europe since the termination of the war, mainly for extravagance in some of its forms, and we are still progressing in this easy policy. The principal stands as an encumbrance to be severely felt when the process of paying interest in gold shall be substituted for that of paying it to the foreigner in additional securities.

The debt of Great Britain is but little felt, because it is held chiefly by subjects of the kingdom. The holder of it pays in the shape of taxes a large share of the interest he receives; but we are soon to find that ours, to the extent held abroad, will constitute a serious charge upon our industry and a damaging and incessant drain upon our resources. What the country wants is a comprehensive policy that shall stop the further increase of debt, and place its industry in a situation to meet the coming burden.

We have no means of testing the accuracy of Mr. Wells's approximate estimate submitted to Mr. Stewart, in answer to inquiries from him; but supposing the annual debt one-half, whither are we drifting? The estimate involves a vast amount of detail which can be commanded only by the means and power of the government. The examination includes a complete view of what emigrants bring over, of the extent of smuggling, of the excessive valuation of exports, with a view to advances, and the under-valuation of imports, with a view to save duties. No other exposition has been attempted, and it would be vain for any private person to do so. The duty of informing the country of the true state of facts, and of uttering the warning which it involves, is distasteful, particularly to those who have legislative jobs to complete by borrowing money from Europe. But the great fact stands in confirmation of Mr. Wells's figures, that over twelve hundred millions of securities have been taken by Europe since the war, although at the end of the war we stood as England does of hers, the holders of our own public debt—an advantage which ought not to have been surrendered.

ONCE MORE.

The late excitement in regard to the appointment of a Collector for the port of New York is a striking illustration of our system of the civil service. The nomination of Mr. Murphy in place of Mr. Grinnell was considered wholly upon other grounds than those of an efficient public service. The chief objection urged against Mr. Murphy was that he was not a friend of Senator Fenton. And to obviate this objection it was alleged that Senator Fenton ought not to complain, because he "has" the Postmaster and the Appraiser and certain other officers; and a statement was published of the number of offices which Senator Fenton has "filled with his friends." The Custom-house, it was stated, had been admirably organized when General Grant came in.

The Collector was the President's man. The Surveyor was Senator Conkling's man. The Naval Officer was Senator Fenton's man. It was a happy family. Why disturb the felicity?

The consequences of such a system are plain enough. Jones wishes a place in the customs. "Jones, are you a Fenton man or a Conkling man, or are you the President's man?" This is the question, and nobody more clearly than the three gentlemen named can see the folly of such a system. The public welfare, as they know, necessarily suffers. It does not suffer because there are not as fit men in office as out of office, but because, when you make the Custom-house a political machine merely, the public business is not only postponed to political interests, but private morals are seriously imperiled. It is notorious that there are persons who, having spent a great deal of money in securing the election of certain candidates, are afterward confident of appointments in the civil service, where they "may get their money back again." But the salaries are very small, and they can get their money back again only by a system which seems to have lost its stigma of vice by becoming universal. When Mr. Tweed offers to pay the return passage of the Fenian army from the frontier, readers of sweet sixteen suppose that the sum is drawn from the fruits of his private industry. Let us hope that sweet sixteen is correct. But all the honest private industry conceivable can not draw more money from a fixed salary than the figures express. Meanwhile minor officers in the customs and elsewhere become rich.

But so long as the people of this country persist in maintaining this system they must not sneer at it nor complain of it. If every fourth dollar of the money collected for public purposes disappears, it is because the people are satisfied with a looseness of system that promotes waste. And while it continues it is the business of honest men to take care to get their honest friends appointed to office. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, has nobly protested and refused to accept a renomination, except with the distinct understanding that he should not be expected to interest himself in office-seeking for others. But the evil system and his patriotism will be too strong for him. He can not, even if he would, evade the duty of keeping bad men out and putting good men in. But he and the President and all honorable and intelligent men, who are unwilling to see our politics degraded into a mere scramble for the spoils, would gladly be relieved from the arduous necessities of the present system.

The civil service, as now constituted, is a provision for the friends of influential politicians. The tenure of office is neither character, capacity, nor industry, but fidelity to certain persons. The penalty of active interest in public affairs in this country—an interest which is a duty—is the civil service system; for it is impossible to leave the offices to be filled by unfit persons without a protest and an effort to substitute those who are fit. Yet this effort is balked and baffled by the very system which makes fitness to consist in political "work." The real question submitted to the Senate of the United States upon the proposition to advise and consent to the appointment of Mr. Murphy as Collector of New York was not, "Is he honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution?" or even, "Is he a Republican?" but, "Is he a Fenton Republican?" Surely the Senator himself, with all other good citizens, whatever they may have felt or hoped in this particular case, will agree that this is not the kind of question which should be decisive upon such an occasion.

NOTES.

The return of Mr. Dawson to the Albany *Evening Journal*, and the association of Mr. Charles E. Smith in the proprietorship and management of the paper, promise that it is not only to maintain but to advance its high character. Mr. Dawson is well known, and Mr. Smith brings from the Albany *Morning Express* a well-earned reputation, not only of great familiarity with public affairs, and the best editorial tact, but of admirable accomplishment, of a thoughtful and sagacious mind, of the loftiest principles, and of an unfailing spirit and courtesy, which are invaluable to a journalist and to any journal.

Many ladies of the city have engaged in what is well called "The Flower Charity," the distribution of fruits and flowers and books among the hospitals, and especially at Bellevue and Blackwell's Island. Mr. Brennan, the Warden of the Bellevue, has very heartily acknowledged the grateful service, and we know that it is warmly approved by the physicians and surgeons in charge. There are wildernesses of beautiful flowers blooming in the neighborhood of the city, flowers which would be an inexpressible blessing to the weary eyes and hearts in the hospitals; and to those who own those pleasant gardens which are wasting their sweets, we commend these words from one of the ladies, who is deeply interested in this good work:

"I wish every one who sends us flowers or fruit could see the pleasure they give, and how the women look out for us. At Bellevue, the other day, we heard a woman in bed call out: 'They're coming!' and then there was a general stir and look of pleasure among them all. One of them said to us: 'You don't know, Miss, what company the flowers are at night, when it's all dark and I can't sleep—they do smell so sweet.' ......Two of our ladies went to Blackwell's Island one day with one hundred and eighty bouquets, and enough strawberries to give some to all the incurables. The same day we took one hundred and fifty bunches of flowers, some strawberries, and fifteen pounds of hot-house grapes up to Bellevue. The last were very welcome. There was one wretched old sick woman, especially, who had them, and said, every time one of us passed her bed, 'Bless you, dear, I haven't tasted any thing since I lay down here that was good before; they set so sour to my heart.'

"No. 239 Fourth Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. Tuesdays and Fridays till July 30. Hours, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 2.—In the Senate, the Naturalization bill was under discussion, but no definite action was taken.—In the House, a bill was passed forbidding the conveyance of Indian reservations by treaty to any other grantee than the United States, another for the protection of settlers on the public domain, and also one forbidding the sale of public lands in certain States and Territories except under the pre-emption and homestead laws.

July 4.—The Senate was in session, having refused to adjourn over the Fourth. The Naturalization bill was taken up, and an amendment adopted to strike the word "white" from all naturalization laws.

July 5.—The Senate consumed most of the day in discussing the Tax bill, without making much progress.—In the House, Mr. Washburne, from the Select Committee on the Postal Telegraph, presented a report in favor of the proposed Government system, and explained the system as now in operation throughout Europe. The report was ordered to be printed, and to be taken up for consideration in December next.

July 6.—In the Senate, the Conference Committee on the Currency bill reported that they had adopted the bill as passed by the Senate, with a modification fixing the new currency to be issued at fifty-four millions. Provision is made for the immediate distribution of this increase among the several States, and for a redistribution when the census for 1870 shall have been made. The report was adopted.—In the House, several bills to carry out decisions of United States courts in relation to British vessels illegally seized by United States cruisers were introduced, all of which were passed. The total claims allowed in these bills amount to $685,882, with interest.

July 7.—In the Senate, the Naval and Fortification Appropriation bills were passed, as was also the Congressional Apportionment bill fixing the number of Representatives at 300, after being amended so that States having a fraction of population exceeding one-half the amount required for a Representative shall be entitled to an additional member.—In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the Currency bill was adopted. Most of the session was devoted to the discussion of contested election cases.

July 8.—In the Senate, a bill to relieve about seventy-five Kentuckians from civil disabilities was passed, after the names of Gustavus W. Smith and Basil Duke had been stricken from the list. Subsequently a General Disability bill, relieving about five thousand of those engaged in the rebellion, was passed, after certain names had been stricken therefrom.—In the House, an acrimonious personal debate took place between Mr. Dawes and Mr. Peters, on the Additional Deficiency bill, for which both parties afterward apologized. A bill regulating the mode of ratifying constitutional amendments was passed by a vote of 128 to 54. The bill makes it unlawful for any State officers to certify a repeal of a ratification when once made, and affixes a penalty of fine and imprisonment for an attempt to repeal such ratification when once consummated.

July 9.—In the Senate, the Army bill was passed very nearly as reported. The question of a pension to Mrs. Lincoln was considered, but not acted upon. The appropriation for the Polar expedition was reduced to $50,000.—In the House, the Senate amendments to the Tariff and Tax bills were considered. The first amendment, striking out all special taxes, was concurred in. The Senate's action in relation to the Income Tax, making the rate two and a half per cent., was sustained, but the amendment to continue the tax two years was rejected. The amendment in regard to sugars was non-concurred in. The amendments reducing steel and railway bars each a quarter per cent. per pound were both agreed to. All the other amendments were acted on, and those non-concurred in were referred to a Conference Committee.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On Monday, July 4, the oath of office was administered to the Judges of the new Court of Appeals of this State, at Albany, where the Court is now in session.

During June of this year 34,097 immigrants, and among them 13,693 Germans, arrived at this port, against 41,577 immigrants, and among them 13,942 Germans, in June, 1869.

Another large fire, continuing through eight days, has devastated the Saguenay region of Canada, and the Dominion Government has been asked for $25,000 to relieve the suffering occasioned thereby.

A general massacre of white miners by the Ute Indians has recently taken place near North Park, Wyoming Territory. The bodies of the unfortunate miners were shockingly mutilated.

It is reported that Red Cloud is in camp on Tongue River, north of Fort Fetterman. The belief is expressed that he is gathering his tribe to take the war-path.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There is great suspense and excitement in Europe over the threatening attitude of France and Prussia. The throne of Spain having been offered to a German ex-sovereign, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and accepted by him, France assumed the choice to be in the nature of an insult and menace on the part of Spain and Prussia, and demanded that the Prince should withdraw. Prussia explained that the Prince was not a member of the royal family, that he was free to accept or reject the offered crown, and that either course would not affect her neutrality. England and Austria decline to be drawn into the dispute. It is reported that Prince Napoleon has gone to Copenhagen to propose treaties of alliance with Denmark and Sweden. Active preparations for war were, at last accounts, in progress in France, without, however, relaxation in the pending negotiations. A fleet of transports for 30,000 troops has been ordered to be prepared at Cherbourg.

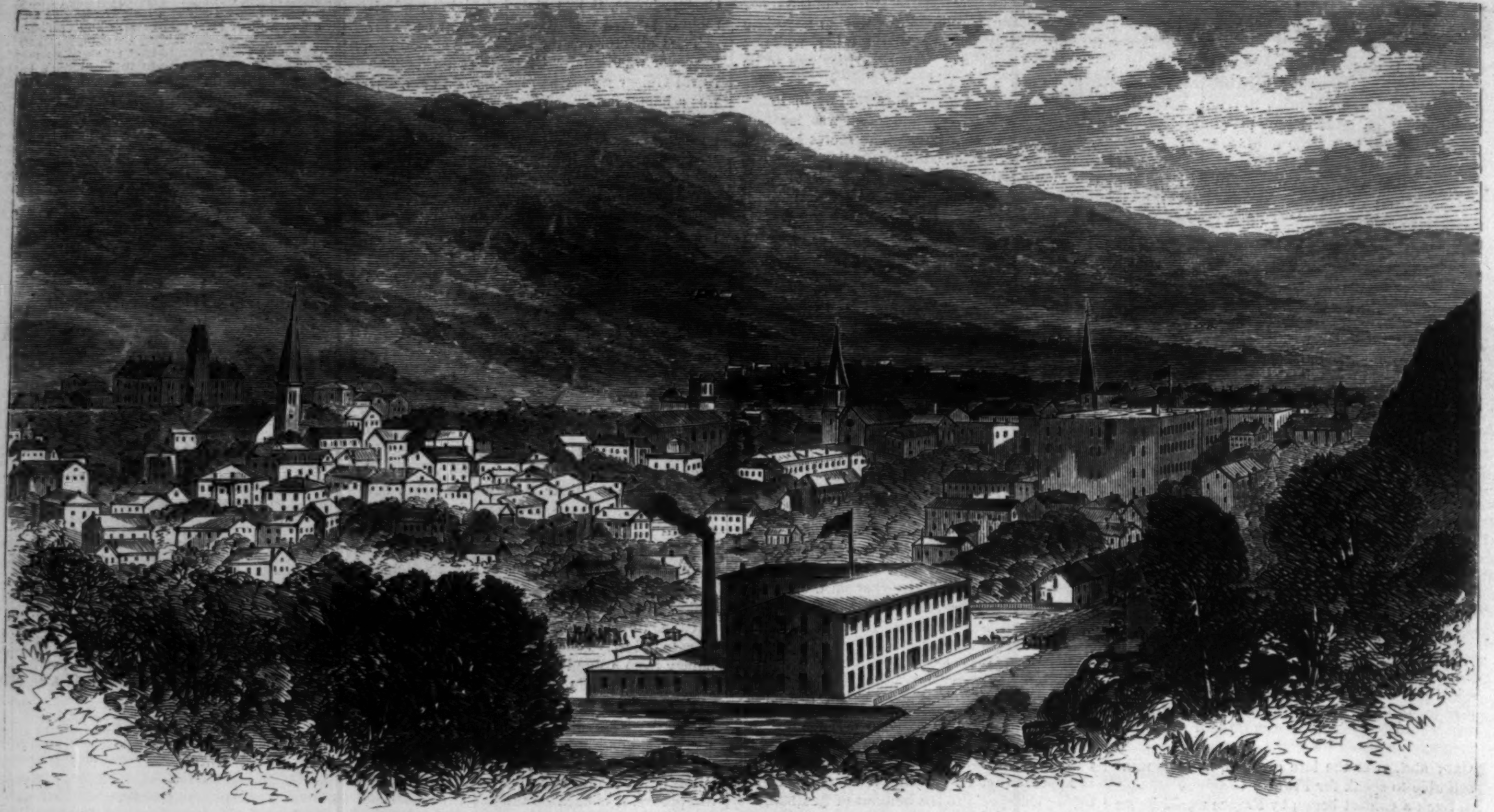
Ex-Queen Isabella has sent official notification of her abdication to all foreign countries.

The Emperor Napoleon assumed mourning for eight days, in respect to the memory of the late Jerome Patterson Bonaparte.

A fund is being raised in Liverpool, under the auspices of Sir John Lubbock, of London, in aid of the sufferers from the *Oneida* disaster.

The most recent reports from Cuba are quite favorable to the insurgents. The situation of the Spaniards in the Eastern Department is said to be unfavorable, while in the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba the troops are reported to have been several times defeated recently under the Cuban leaders, Diaz and Gomez. The planters oppose emancipation, and have raised large sums of money to send to Spain to defeat the measure.

The latest advices from Rome assert that the doctrine of infallibility was to be proclaimed in that city on the 17th of July, in the Church of Leo IV.



THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND—NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND.

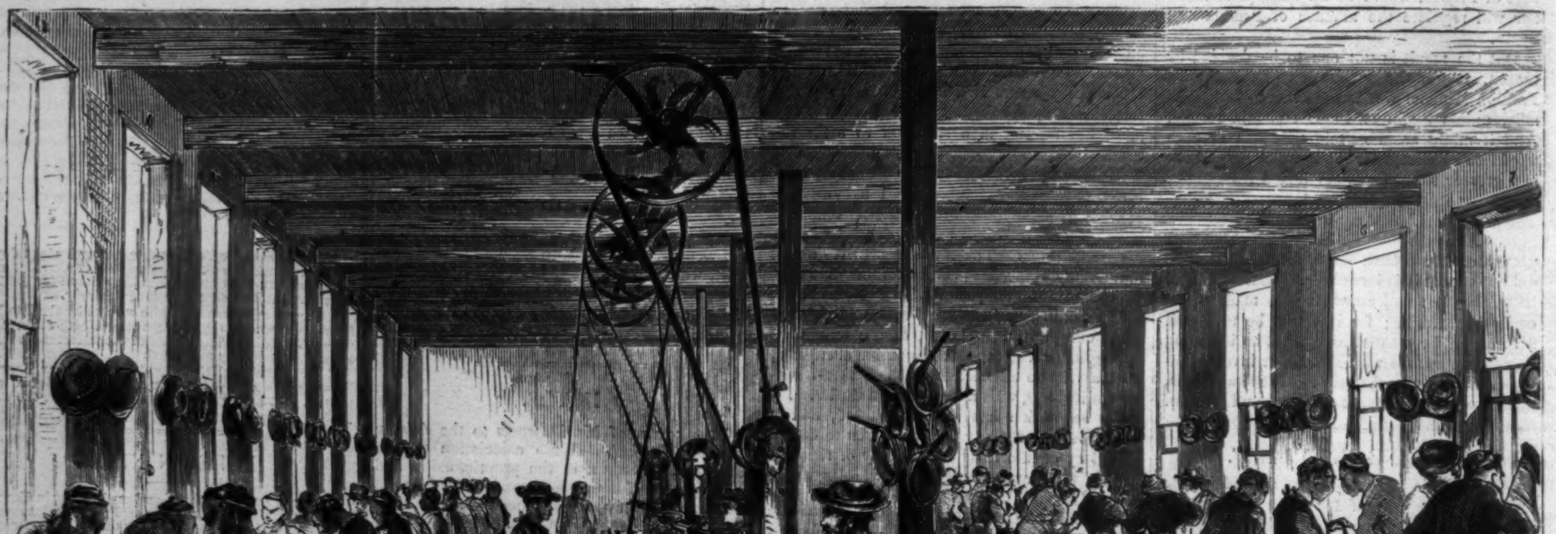
The illustrations on this page afford our readers a view of the locality of the new movement which has created such a furor among the working-people of the Northern States. The story is a brief and simple one. Mr. Sampson, a large shoe manufacturer of North Adams, Massachusetts, finding that the expenses of his business were fast outrunning his profits, proposed to his workmen last spring a slight reduction in wages. After taking the matter into consideration the workmen sent him word, through a committee, that, if he would permit them to inspect his books, they would decide whether the state of his business required such a reduction. Mr. Sampson naturally declined the inspection of his private affairs; and finding the workmen unwilling to come to an understanding on any other terms, he determined to see what could be done with the Chinese. Accordingly he sent a confidential agent to San Francisco to procure the services of a certain number of Celestial immigrants. The agent, as is well known, succeeded in this mission. It should be understood that the immigrants came east of their own volition, and that Mr. Sampson's enterprise has no connection whatever with that of Mr. Koopmanschoop.

One of our illustrations represents the workroom in Mr. Sampson's manufactory, where the Chinese are employed. They are put to one branch only of the business—that of fastening on the soles. The cutting, stitching, and finishing are operations performed by others in other apartments. The men are intelligent and smart, and very readily learn the management of machinery. Since their arrival in North Adams their deportment has been excellent, and the prejudice at first existing against them is said to be gradually giving way.

North Adams, as our sketch of the place shows, is a pleasantly situated, thriving manufacturing village. The large building in the centre of the fore-ground is Mr. Sampson's factory, where the new experiment with imported laborers is going on.

DISLIKE TO SERMONS.

Why is it so much the fashion to profess a dislike to sermons? At first sight there would seem to be a certain breach of our ordinary customs. Few men, and scarcely any women, would have the courage to say that they disliked the prayers; why should it be permissible, or even respectable and proper, to avow a dislike for the preaching? After all, if our religious professions have any meaning, and if we hold that religious truths are more or less applicable to modern souls, we should be glad to hear the application made by an honest and able man—and there is no want of preachers who well deserve those epithets. The suggestion that the truths are too trite to be impressive would be to the purpose if it were the function of preachers to demonstrate first principles of morality; but it is the highest task of all poets and orators to exhibit the eternal freshness of great truths; and they are never more effectively employed than in giving new force to the most obvious of maxims. It would be as sensible to say that landscape painting is henceforth impossible because the sea and the sky have been represented so often. It is equally far from the real point to say that we can read instead of listen. We do not go to a great speaker to be persuaded, but to be infected. The whole theory of eloquence depends upon a law of nature which has been illustrated by innumerable anecdotes. Such, for example, is the old story of the man who persuaded a crowd that a certain stone lion wagged his tail by the simple expedient of asserting it in public with an air of conviction. There is no proposition, however ludicrous, for which you can not obtain proselytes, if you will only persuade people not that it is capable of demonstration, but that you personally believe in it.



THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND—THE WORK-SHOP.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER IV.

Exploring Expeditions.—The Signal Station.—Shooting Cormorants.—Adventure with Seals.—Picturesque Coast Scenery.—Forcing Way through the Thickets.

THE work of building their cabin and constructing the furniture which they provided for it consumed a great deal of time. The labor extended, in fact, through the summer, and the month of March, that is the commencement of the fall, set in before they were ready to occupy it. During the time while they had been chiefly employed in this work various excursions were made by different members of the party, with a view of exploring the shores and the interior of this island. Some of these expeditions were connected with their work, having for their object the finding and bringing in of materials required in the construction. Others were for observation, in hopes that they might see, from an eminence, some vessel passing by. On one of the first of these excursions they set up a signal flag, to call the attention of the people on board any such vessel as might come in sight. They chose for this purpose a high and prominent peak near the mouth of Port Carnley, the great bay into which they had entered when they first arrived at the island, and in one of the inner branches of which the vessel was wrecked. They went down the bay to the place which they had chosen for the signal, in the boat, taking with them the materials necessary for the work. When they reached the spot they set up a tall and stout pole, with a flag displayed at the top of it. The pole was braced by cords fastened to stout stakes set in the ground at a short distance from the pole, on different sides. Underneath the flag they lashed securely to the pole a bottle, tightly corked, and containing written directions for finding their camp, for the guidance of any person who might see the flag and come to the spot.

Several of the excursions were made on the water, by means of the boat. In these cases they coasted along the shores of the great bay, and explored the various islands and capes and inlets, to see what discoveries they could make that might promise to be useful to them. Sometimes they met with unexpected good fortune in these expeditions. In returning from their excursion to the mouth of the bay to set up their signal pole, in coming round a certain point of land, they started up a large flock of sea-birds, called cormorants, from the rocks before them. Mr. Raynal seized his double-barreled gun, and, by the discharge of both barrels, brought down twenty-six of the birds, which the men took with them to their camp. They found the flesh rank and oily, but it was less disagreeable than the flesh of the seals. And at any rate it was a change for them.

They saw at different times, in the course of these excursions, a great number of seals. Sometimes the seals were swimming in the water, and sometimes basking in the sun along the shore. As is generally the case with animals living upon uninhabited islands, they showed very little fear of man. Indeed the sight of the boat and the men in it seemed to awaken in them sentiments of anger and ferocity rather than of fear. At one time a great number of sea-lions were swimming in a bay which the boat entered, and as soon as the boat came in sight they gathered around it, actuated, as their motions seemed to indicate, partly by curiosity and partly by a feeling of rage and defiance. They perhaps regarded the boat with its occupants as some novel kind of marine monster, and soon appeared to conclude that it was an enemy, and began to gather around it, evidently with hostile intentions. Some of them, more bold than the others, came up near and began to bite at the ends of the oars. At last one of them—a monster in size and strength—seized the bow of the boat and came very near upsetting it, which he would probably have done if Aleck had not in an instant grasped the boat-hook and hit him a blow with it upon his head, which made him let go his hold and swim away roaring with rage and pain. He left deep marks of his teeth on the gunwale of the boat. The men kept the others at bay by striking at them with their oars and with the boat-hook until they had passed out of their way.

They found a favorable place for landing soon after this; and on going on shore they discovered two young seals asleep under the trunk of a fallen tree. They killed them and carried them home in the boat. They found the flesh of these whelps much more tender and palatable than that of the mature, or nearly mature, animals that they had eaten before.

Some of the excursions which they thus made by water along the coasts were quite extended, and not unfrequently they found the scenery and the conformation of the rocks extremely picturesque. As they had a sail to their boat, they could go to considerable distances with comparatively little fatigue. At one time, however, when they were about ten miles from home, they found the wind coming in dead against them, on their return, and they were obliged to row back against it all the way. They reached their tent—for this was while the cabin was in process of construction—almost entirely exhausted by fatigue. Besides these little voyages along the coast, they sometimes made excursions into the interior, though these were, of course, attended with much greater difficulty than expeditions by sea. Within a very few days after the wreck two of the seamen, George and Harry, made the first attempt to penetrate into the interior, with a view of reaching, if possible, the summit of a mountain which rose a short distance from the place where they had landed. They accomplished their object, though they met with very great difficulty in making their way through the almost impenetrable thickets, which they found extended from near the shore to the foot of the mountains. These thickets were so dense, and the branches of the trees and bushes grew so low, and were so gnarled and stiff, that the men had to crawl on their hands and knees through an opening made by the seals, over wet and boggy ground, and swamps interspersed with pools of water. In some places they had to stop and cut their way with their knives. They, however, finally succeeded, and gained the comparatively open country which lay around the base of the mountain. Thence they had only steep and nearly naked rocks to climb till they reached the summit.

There they were repaid for their fatigue by the magnificence of the view which extended all around them. The whole group of islands lay at their feet. Their eyes could follow the contour of the shore, and could trace the forms of the smaller islands, which were separated from the central one, on which they stood, by narrow and tortuous channels of water. The interior consisted of bold and rugged peaks of rock, rising high in the air, the sides and summits nearly destitute of vegetation, but hemmed in below by the dense and entangled thickets which they had been passing through. The peaks and pinnacles which were seen in all directions were of the most fantastic forms. To some of the most prominent of these they gave names. There was one they called the Giant's Peak, and another near it, which bore some fancied resemblance to a sepulchral monument, received

CLAMBERING THROUGH THE THICKETS.

SHOOTING CORMORANTS.

THE SUNDAY SERVICE.

the name of the Giant's Tomb. The men returned from their excursion at night entirely spent with fatigue and exposure, and they sat down in the tent to their supper of cold roast seal with a most excellent appetite.

In some of the excursions that they made by land they followed the coasts, instead of penetrating into the interior; but this was difficult, on account of the broken and precipitous rocks, and the deep chasms and indentations which every where bordered the shore. They made the first of these attempts to follow the shore on land very soon after they commenced building their cabin. For some time they encountered great difficulty on account of the roughness of the way. At length they came to a stream, which they were obliged to ford. After passing this stream they came suddenly upon something like a beach, which afforded them for a time easy walking; and they found it perfectly delightful to be able to walk along on smooth and level ground without any difficulties or obstructions. It was the first time since they landed that they had enjoyed such a luxury.

Their chief object, in this expedition, was to procure seals for food. Soon after they passed the beach a monstrous sea-lion came up out of the sea, and advanced to attack them. George went forward to meet him, and hit him so hard a blow with a club with which he was armed as to kill him on the spot. Immediately afterward the men heard a wailing sound in the thicket, and on going to the place they found two young seals in their lair. It was probably to protect his family that the old seal had come out of the water to attack the intruders.

The young seals looked up piteously to the men, as if imploring mercy; and their eyes had so sad and intelligent an expression that the men found it very hard to resist their appeal. But their own necessities were too urgent to allow of their indulging in any feelings of sentiment; so they killed the poor things, and carried them home.

CHAPTER V.

A Government organized.—The Rules and Regulations.—The Sunday Service.—Mr. Raynal's experimental Fishing.—Naming the new Habitation.

THE work of finishing the cabin and making explorations consumed the whole summer. It was not until the 5th of March that the cabin was ready for occupancy. Thus far there had been no organization of the party of any kind, nor any authority or subordination other than the natural deference and submission felt by the seamen toward those who had been clothed with official authority on board the vessel, but whose authority, of course, ceased entirely when the vessel was wrecked. The subordination thus resulting from habit was doubtless greatly strengthened and increased by the conviction, on the part of the men, of the superior education, intelligence, and skill of Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave, and of their ability to judge best in respect to what was to be done. Every thing had gone on tolerably well thus far under this system.

There had been some disputes, and occasionally some practical inconvenience, from the want of an openly recognized and acknowledged authority; still the work had gone on, upon the whole, very satisfactorily. Mr. Raynal thought, however, that now since it was possible that they might be obliged to remain on the island during the whole winter, even if they were destined ever to be released, it was desirable to establish some formal system of organization, and that the time of taking possession of the cabin would be a favorable opportunity for inaugurating it.

The 5th of March was the day, as stated above, on which the cabin was finished, ready for occupancy. They built a great fire in the fireplace on the morning of that day, and spent the forenoon in moving in their goods and chattels from the tent. Most of the remainder of the day was occupied with arranging things and "getting settled;" and, when night came, they made up their beds upon the rude frames which they had erected for bedsteads, and went to bed, when the time came, each in his own corner.

During the night, Mr. Raynal revolved in his mind the particulars of his proposed organization, and matured his plan. He decided to give the organization a form and constitution, based on the idea of the *family*.

Accordingly, the next morning he drew up articles of agreement and proposed them to the whole company. They were unanimously approved.

They were substantially as follows:

1. That they should formally constitute themselves a family, and appoint one of their number as the head of it.

2. It should be the duty of the head of the family to maintain order and union among them, with as much gentleness and forbearance as possible, but still with firmness and decision; and to prevent, so far as he could, all discussions which were likely to degenerate into disputes.

3. That in case any dispute or difficulty should arise in the absence of the head, between any members of the community, the matter should, as soon as possible, be referred to him, and that he, with the advice and assistance of those members of the company who were not interested in the dispute, should decide the question. If the one who was decided to be in the wrong should refuse to submit, and should persist in the wrong, then he should be excluded from the community, and be required to live by himself in some other part of the island until he should be restored.

4. The head of the family should take the direction and command of all hunting and exploring expeditions, and of all operations of every kind which it should be thought best to undertake. He should divide and distribute to the men their respective shares of the work, without, however, being excused himself from taking his share.

5. In all important cases, before coming to a decision, he should take the opinions of the rest of the company, and be governed by the judgment of the majority.

6. The company reserved to itself the right to depose the chief in case they should find that he exercised his authority in a manner to promote his own selfish aims, and to elect another in his place.

These articles, having been approved by all the company, were inscribed formally on one of the blank leaves of the Bible. Then all the men, putting their hands together upon the sacred volume, bound themselves by a sacred oath to respect and obey the constitution which they had thus adopted. Mr. Raynal says that the ceremony was performed by the men in a very serious and solemn manner.

They also agreed that a religious service should be regularly performed every Sunday morning in their new home, to consist of reading a chapter from their Bible, and repeating a prayer. This regulation was afterward regularly observed.

The next step to be taken was to elect one of their number to fill the office of Head of the Family, thus constituted. Mr. Raynal nominated Captain Musgrave, who, young as he was, was the oldest man in the company; and he was unanimously elected.

From that time Captain Musgrave was recognized as the chief. He took his place at the head of the table, and was excused by the voice of the rest from taking any part in preparing the food. This duty henceforth devolved in regular rotation upon the other four, each taking his turn for a week at a time. Mr. Raynal, though the original and real head of the whole expedition, did not seek to excuse himself from taking his part with the rest, in the most servile labors. Indeed he asked the privilege of taking his turn first in the domestic service. So while the rest—after the arrangements above described were completed—set off on a hunting expedition for the day, he remained at home, and set himself at work to "wash up the breakfast things," and to cook the dinner.

The care of the dishes, he says, was by no means an unimportant duty. It is true that some of their utensils were of cast iron, and so could not be very easily broken. But their plates were of crockery, and they had only five; just one for each person. The breaking of one of them would have been consequently no small misfortune. In the care and precaution which they took to avoid such an accident, they set an example which many of the domestics in well-appointed houses among us might do well to follow. Mr. Raynal said they felt quite proud of the result; for these five plates were washed three times a day, by four different persons, during the whole time—more than a year and a half that the company were on the island—without any of them being broken; and yet one of them was cracked already when they began.

Mr. Raynal's first attempt at getting dinner proved eminently successful. After having "done up the morning's work" he conceived the idea of trying to procure some fish for dinner. He found in his chest a few rusty fishhooks and a line. Taking these, and manufacturing a rude sort of pole out of the best materials that he could obtain, he went down to a point of land at a little distance from the cabin, and was successful in catching several fishes. These he fried, and when the men came home at noon from their hunting excursion they were as much astonished as delighted to see such an addition to their dinner. They at once named the point where the fish had been taken Point Raynal, as may be seen by its designation on the map at the commencement of these articles.

That evening Captain Musgrave proposed that they should give a name to their new habitation. So every one proposed a name, and each one maintained that his was the best. To settle the question they wrote the names on slips of paper, and drew one of them from a hat. The one which came up was *Epigwait*, the name which Captain Musgrave had proposed, and which he said meant, in the language of some of the redskins of North America, near the Great Water.

On the evening of this day—which was the first evening spent in the new cabin—Mr. Raynal proposed to the company several plans for amusement, and for occupying their time during the long winter evenings that were approaching. One plan was to have an evening school. Harry and Aleck did not know how to read and write, and Mr. Raynal proposed to teach them, while they in their turn would teach him their respective languages—the Norwegian and the Portuguese. Thus the school was to be one of mutual instruction. George, the Englishman, had already learned to read and write, and he was accordingly to form, by himself, an advanced class in arithmetic. Mr. Raynal was to teach them all French. These proposals were at once acceded to by all the men, with great enthusiasm.

Nor was the subject of amusements forgotten. It was necessary, Mr. Raynal thought, to join the agreeable with the useful, and so they set to work to provide some means for playing games. Captain Musgrave contrived to make a little board with holes, for playing the game of "Solitaire," and Mr. Raynal made a checker-board. He condensed smoke from the burning lamps so as to produce lampblack enough to paint the black squares, and used chalk for the white ones. The blubber of the seals, as usual, furnished the oil. The men he fashioned from wood—taking white pine for one color, and a red wood, like cedar, for the other.

Mr. Raynal considered it so important to provide every possible means of amusement and enjoyment for the family that he carried some of his inventions to the verge of the region of vice. But he was very soon frightened off from that ground; for he found that these indulgences threatened to produce their usual bitter fruits, even in so small and primitive a community as theirs. The circumstances were these:

When considering the different kinds of games which he could provide the means of playing, he naturally thought of cards. They had a little flour among their stores. With this Mr. Raynal made some paste, and by means of it manufactured some pasteboard, by joining together a sufficient number of leaves from an old journal which he had in his chest. He cut his cards out of the sheets thus manufactured, and drew figures upon them, somewhat rudely no doubt, but sufficiently distinctive for the player to recognize the different cards in playing the game. The cards when finished were at first a great source of amusement to the men; but they soon began to lead to quarrels and disputes. At length, one evening, Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal themselves came to a misunderstanding about a game which they had been playing. At the end of it Mr. Raynal took the cards, and calmly and deliberately put them into the fire. Not a man in the whole company made any objection to the sacrifice.

In respect to intoxicating liquors Mr. Raynal stopped sooner than in the case of the cards. In the course of the searches made by the men for some edible vegetable growing on the island, they found a plant the stem of which possessed some decided saccharine qualities; and the idea suggested itself to Mr. Raynal that possibly an infusion of it might be made to ferment, and that thus he might manufacture something that would serve the purpose of beer. So he gathered some of the stems, and by means of them prepared a liquor, which he set aside, and a day or two afterward found, much to his satisfaction, that fermentation had set in. The seamen were all much pleased with these indications of success; and knowing that alcohol was produced by fermentation, and afterward separated by distillation, they eagerly demanded that Mr. Raynal should contrive some way to distill his liquor, and so produce them some rum. One of his gun-barrels, they said, could be made to serve as the "worm" of the still.

Mr. Raynal was alarmed at this suggestion. He knew very well what would probably be the consequence of a supply of rum to such a community. He feared not only for the seamen, but he did not dare to risk the consequence that might sooner or later ensue to Captain Musgrave and himself. So he let his preparation stand until his beer had turned sour, and then abandoned the attempt to make beer as an experiment that had failed.

By the compact which had thus been formed, and the dispositions and preparations consequent upon it, the organization of the little community, and all its arrangements for the daily routine of life, were complete. Under the system thus inaugurated the family lived harmoniously and prosperously during all the time that they remained upon the island.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DIVIDEND-DAY.

TWICE a year the interior of our Savings-Banks presents the busy scene represented in our illustration on page 476, when the depositors' accounts are made up, and their books balanced; and frequently the crowd extends beyond the doors of the bank, and occupies a large share of the sidewalk in front of the building.

These Savings-Banks, of which there are forty in the city, are a great blessing to the working-classes. The aggregate deposits on hand the 1st of January, 1870, in these institutions amounted to $119,870,595. This was an increase of $14,191,123 over the amount on deposit the 1st of January, 1869. Nearly all the banks report that the average deposits since the 1st of January this year are largely in excess of any previous year, which would seem to indicate a good degree of prosperity among the poorer classes, in spite of the general complaint of dullness in the business world. The first Savings-Bank chartered in this city (and, with the exception of one in Boston, the first in the United States) was the well-known "Bank for Savings," which for many years stood in Chambers Street, and came to be generally known as the Chambers Street Savings-Bank. This bank has been in existence fifty-two years, and is now located in Bleecker Street. By the terms of its charter the bank was required to make an annual report of its operations to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city. The banks chartered since that time generally make their report to the Bank Superintendent at Albany. The last annual report of the "Bank for Savings" gives the following items of interest, which may be taken as a sample of all the Savings-Banks in the city, although only one (the Bowery) does so large a business as this:

From the 1st of January, 1869, to the 1st of January, 1870, the Bank for Savings received $4,076,196 77 from 50,443 depositors, which would average about $80 50 from each depositor. The new depositors who opened accounts during the year numbered 10,276.

The drafts made upon the bank by depositors during the year were slightly in excess of the deposits, being $4,127,969 76. These drafts were made by 49,549 depositors, of whom 8648 closed their accounts. The total deposits on hand in the bank at the beginning of this year amounted to $16,325,154 57, and the total number of depositors was 57,612. This shows an average of about $283 to each depositor.

Of the 10,276 new depositors in the Bank for Savings for the year 1869, there were 2950 married women, 2199 single women, 824 widows, 250 minors, 3 orphans, 1 apprentice, 66 colored persons. The remainder were married and single men. Their occupations were as follows:

Agents, 45; artists, 31; attorneys, 6; bakers, 48; barbers, 26; bar-tenders, 37; blacksmiths, 56; boarding-house keepers, 45; boatmen, 10; boiler-makers, 7; bookbinders, 12; book-folders, 12; butchers, 56; cabinet-makers, 57; cartmen, 85; carpenters, 114; clergymen, 10; clerks, 208; coach-makers, 19; coachmen, 64; conductors, 12; confectioners, 20; coopers, 9; cutlers, 4; distillers, 14; domestics, 1508; druggists, 9; engineers, 24; engravers, 8; farmers, 38; firemen, 16; furriers, 9; fruiterers, 23; gardeners, 40; glaziers, 15; grocers, 80; hatters, 10; hucksters, 21; jewelers, 19; junk dealers, 20; laborers, 674; machinists, 62; masons, 106; merchants, 13; milkmen, 14; milliners, 42; moulders, 23; musicians, 36; nurses, 28; ostlers, 50; oystermen, 15; painters, 61; peddlers, 55; police officers, 43; physicians, 14; porters, 62; printers, 18; plumbers, 15; saddlers, 10; seamen, 19; seamstresses, 482; shoemakers, 103; shop-keepers, 66; soldiers, 7; stone-cutters, 64; sugar refiners, 36, tailors, 111; tanners, 16; tavern-keepers, 80; teachers, 54; tinners, 16; tobacconists, 34; turners, 4; upholsterers, 10; varnishers, 5; washers, 156; watchmen, 14; waiters, 143; sundry trades, 143; no occupation (being married women, minors, etc.), 4545. Total, 10,276.

The following table shows the number of deposits from $1 to $5, from $5 to $10, and so on up to $1000, the largest amount that the bank is allowed to receive from a single depositor:

From	1	to	5	dollars	1,099
"	5	"	10	"	3,488
"	10	"	20	"	8,019
"	20	"	30	"	6,929
"	30	"	40	"	4,556
"	40	"	50	"	6,647
"	50	"	60	"	2,410
"	60	"	70	"	1,610
"	70	"	80	"	1,438
"	80	"	90	"	627
"	90	"	100	"	5,216
"	100	"	200	"	4,539
"	200	"	300	"	1,706
"	300	"	400	"	745
"	400	"	500	"	735
"	500	"	600	"	156
"	600	"	700	"	120
"	700	"	800	"	77
"	800	"	900	"	67
"	900	"	1000	"	259
					50,443

The statistics of the other Savings-Banks of the city differ in character but little from the above. The Bowery Savings-Bank, which does the largest business of any bank of that kind in the country, had on deposit the 1st of this month $20,414,094 27, and the number of open accounts was 53,024, showing an average sum to each depositor of $385.

A large number of Savings-Banks have been chartered by the Legislature within the last five years, many of which do but a very small business. The Union Dime Savings-Bank, in Canal Street, does the largest business of any of the Dime Savings-Banks, and now has a total deposit of about $7,000,000. The oldest Savings-Banks in the city are the Bank for Savings, in Bleecker Street; the Seamen's Savings-Bank, in Wall Street; the Greenwich Savings-Bank, in Sixth Avenue; and the Bowery Savings-Bank, in the Bowery.

THE MASSACRE AT PEKIN.

THE murder of French officials and priests at Pekin invests with additionally sad interest a locality already memorable in Chinese annals as the former scene of a somewhat similar event. More than two hundred years ago a band of courageous and devoted Catholic missionaries succeeded, after many hardships and difficulties, in penetrating the then unfamiliar empire of the *Tsin*, or Chinese, until they reached the capital, at that time known to geographers as Cambalu, or "the City of the Khan"—a term derived from its Mongolian name, *Khanpalik*, and subsequently altered by its Tartar conquerors to *Pei King*, or "the Northern Capital." The adventurous travelers were cordially received by the reigning monarch, Kanghi, whose patronage of letters and compilation of the famous standard dictionary bearing his name have earned for him the title of the Chinese Augustus, and were appointed to situations of trust about the court. So pleased was the emperor with their ability and skill that he both granted them a site in perpetuity whereon to erect buildings, and gave them permission to preach the doctrines of Christianity unmolested. This good fortune, however, lasted no longer than the lifetime of Kanghi, partly owing to the jealousy of native officials whom they had supplanted in imperial favor, and partly to the alarm not unnaturally felt by the authorities at the rapid rise of the new sect, whose members refused compliance with many of the politico-religious observances demanded from their countrymen. A persecution was inaugurated under Kanghi's successor, and continued, with occasional changes in favor of the Christians, until at length their opponents were successful. The native converts and foreign priests were proscribed and forced to fly for their lives, such as could be found being put to death. The mission grounds were pillaged and confiscated, the buildings razed to the ground, and the Roman Church no longer possessed a territorial head-quarters in China.

Matters remained in this state until the conclusion of the last war, in which the British forces, allied with those of France, captured and temporarily occupied the capital, when, by special agreement, the mission site was again restored to its former holders. Three other smaller plots of ground were also ceded, upon which chapels were erected. The four were known as the Peh-tang, Nan-tang, Tung-tang, and Si-tang, respectively meaning the North, South, East, and West assembly halls or "churches;" the first-named title being applied to the location formerly granted by Kanghi. A fine church or cathedral, with school-rooms, dormitories, etc., for native converts, and quarters for the members of the mission, numbering some eight or nine, under the control of a bishop, was erected under the auspices of the French government, the native authorities insisting that the height of the tower should be restricted to about sixty feet, ostensibly lest it should overlook the imperial grounds, which lay in the vicinity. The real reason, however, lay in the objections made by the imperial astrologers, who alleged that the erection of a taller building would insure unfavorable influences from the local genii. The whole area was inclosed with a high wall, which effectually shut it

out from the crowded and not over-cleanly streets of the neighborhood.

In February, 1864, the greater part of these buildings was destroyed by fire—a large hall devoted to the purposes of a museum, and in which was accumulated a large and valuable collection of specimens illustrating the natural history and geology of the Pei-chih-li province, alone escaping the flames. New buildings were, however, speedily erected, the Chinese officials themselves assisting in laying the foundation-stones; and one of the most complete mission stations in the East took the place of that destroyed. The Catholics in China were justifiably proud of this establishment, the principal portion of which—the cathedral—has, according to the confirmed telegram, been burned down.

Although it is stated that France does not intend to dispatch a special expedition to China, we may rest assured that the French squadron in the China seas will exact ample reparation for the outrage. Napoleon III. has long wanted an excuse for taking possession of the Northern provinces; and we shall not be surprised to learn that, under the pretext of holding a "material guarantee" for the fulfillment of terms purposely made almost impossible of fulfillment, the French tricolor will before long be found waving above the richly auriferous district of Shantung. Such an event could not fail to exercise a marked and, perhaps, unfavorable influence upon American interests in North China.

THE BOYS' CELL.

[See Illustration on Page 473.]

WHERE the frowning walls of the sombre Tombs
Look dismally down,
There, 'mid the vaulted and echoing glooms,
In the heart of the town
That with noise and trouble and tumult chafes,
Is a cell for the boys, those vagrant waifs,
Taught in that school
Where vice is the rule,
And virtue a flower that never blooms.

In that gloomy cell, which no sunbeam cheers
With its mellow ray,
Where at dull intervals one hears,
All through the day,
The clang of the iron-grated doors,
And the echo of feet on the cold stone floors,
These boys, from the gloom
Of their donjon-room,
Stare at each visitor's face that appears.

Some of them merest children yet,
With no home but the street,
Just such ones you have often met,
With shoeless feet,
Sweeping the crossings clean and dry,
Or blacking the boots of some passer-by;
And others older,
With bearing bolder,
On whose features the seal of vice is set.

All huddled together in that grim cell,
Where each clashing door
Sounds in the silence like a knell;
And the city's roar
Is scarce heard through the thick and frowning walls;
There, where the shade of the twilight falls
Early each day,
And where no sun's ray
Of God's beautiful world creeps in to tell.

Only a plank upon which to lie
Through the lonely night,
While the long, dark hours go silently by
In their noiseless flight;
Forming a picket-guard to keep,
There in the cell, while the others sleep,
The rats at bay
That, till break of day,
With hungry purpose in dozens draw nigh.

Just outside of the grated door,
Gloomy and vast,
Is the corridor, with its hard stone floor,
Where the grim walls cast
Deeper gloom; and where all night long
The loathsome whiskered enemy throng,
Wrangle and scold,
And, with hunger grown bold,
Force their way in through the iron-barred door.

So, with these grim walls bounding their view,
Here in this cell,
With never a glimpse of the sky's sweet blue—
How long who can tell?
Till their foster-mother, the City, shall make
Some other provision for charity's sake,
These boys must remain,
Living again
Each day over with nothing new.

Oh, you who have homes, and to whom the joys
Of your hearths are dear,
How different your lot from the lot of these boys,
Without comfort or cheer!
How different your lives, with the blessing of love
Making earth like the home of the angels above,
To the lives dark with doom
In the drear prison's gloom!
Oh, God bless our homes and hallow their joys!

PLEASURE-HUNTING.

WE really do not know how to amuse ourselves, and are forced to snatch at the first pretext that offers itself, and to make believe very hard that we are really enjoying ourselves. It is a duty not as yet generally recognized to study the art of pleasure-hunting. We are no more capable of amusing ourselves than of fencing or playing the fiddle without careful training and long practice. If the object of moral teachers is to increase the sum of human happiness, they should certainly inculcate the cultivation of the faculties which are immediately pleasant to the individual, as well as of those which are more indirectly profitable to his race. It is a very good thing to be scrupulously honest and industrious; but the most industrious and honest of men may lead a wretchedly bare and unprofitable life. Why should he not study the theory of deriving the greatest possible amount of innocent enjoyment from the world which he inhabits, as well as that of doing good to other people? Two practical rules would probably result from such an inquiry. The first would be the extreme importance to every man of providing himself with a good serviceable hobby. Even a cultivated taste for cookery or wines is better than nothing, so long as it is kept within certain bounds; and not only provides a man with an interesting pursuit, but certainly promotes the comfort of his friends. We may admit, indeed, that this is about the lowest limit of permissible pleasure-seeking; but is it a fair question for casuistry, whether a man would spend a day better in yawning about a race-course without any taste for horse-racing, or in pursuing in moderation a course of experimental inquiry into the art of dining? There is another rule, however, which is of equal importance, and may be more unreservedly stated. What an enormous advance would be at once made in the art of happiness if people could only be persuaded to a tolerable degree of sincerity! The principle would cut both ways. There are some things which every body really likes, but for which, for some arbitrary fashion, it is customary to avow contempt; as there are many things which every body hates, and yet which every one is afraid to denounce. One of the greatest impediments to sound art is, that both artists and their admirers are so much inclined to adopt a style recommended by some preconceived theory as to overlook the important question whether they really give and receive pleasure. It is true that, when we know whether a poem or a picture pleases, there is a further question whether it ought to please; but when the habitual hypocrisy of mankind leaves us in complete uncertainty as to the first point, our subsequent theorizing is apt to be very unsatisfactory. There would be in one sense no disputing about tastes if we only knew which tastes were genuine, though we might still ask whether they were elevated; but as it is, the first, and often the utterly insoluble, question is, whether we really like a so-called pleasure, or only persuade ourselves that we like it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ALMOST every summer there comes a time, after a long season of drought, when a warning-note is sounded to indicate that there is a limited supply of Croton water. So ample are our reservoirs, and so accustomed are our citizens to a lavish use of this indispensable article, that there is a general impression there is no possibility of an actual failure of supply. The Commissioner of Public Works, however, appears to be a prudent man, who foreseeth the evil, and means to guard against it. He has issued a notice of the great waste of water, particularly on the piers in the lower part of the city, and warned all concerned to beware of reckless expenditure. That there is need of care may be inferred from the fact that it is estimated by the water purveyor that 50,000,000 of gallons are *wasted* every day in the city during the hot season. All good citizens should lend their aid to insure compliance with such measures as will prevent even the fear of a lack of water.

Working-women are wanted in Colorado. Reliable reports say that a thousand could find immediate employment there, and at high wages. A competent girl commands better wages there than a male laborer.

Great Salt Lake has been a sort of mystery to scientific and geographic explorers. It has been supposed that its waters were kept at a uniform level by the process of evaporation, since no outlet was known, and yet it was fed by many streams from the Rocky Mountains. Recently, however, the mystery is thought to be solved in the discovery of a subterranean outlet. In a voyage on the lake a schooner was caught in the vortex of a maelstrom. The captain of the vessel states that during the detention caused by the accident the deck was far lower than the water outside the whirlpool, and that he owes the safety of vessel and men to the stiff breeze which fortunately sprang up at the time. The noise of the waters as they descended denoted that some mighty airless cavity below gave strength to the suction, and the surging, frothy foam above was like the boiling of a mammoth caldron. It is inferred that this is the safety-valve of the Great Salt Lake, and that probably there may be other similar outlets.

Relapsing fever has, to a very great extent, disappeared from New York city. About nine hundred cases of this disease have been recorded since its first recognized appearance, and about one hundred and fifty deaths.

A favorite actress was recently singing a new song, entitled "Guess Who," and when she came to the lines,

"Some one I'm wishing and longing to see,
Guess who, if you can, guess who,"

an enthusiastic individual in the parquet sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "I can't guess, but I'd give a thousand dollars if I was the man!" The audience were slightly moved.

Victor Hugo is reported to be suffering with a disease of the eye, which necessitates his dictating whatever he desires to have written.

The famous Russian violinist, M. De Kontski, and his daughter Wanda, the pianist, recently performed before the Sultan, in Constantinople. His Majesty was so delighted with both artists that he conferred the decoration of the Medjidié on the father, and added a donation of 10,000 francs for the evening's entertainment.

A well-known Protestant clergyman has been for some time collecting Roman Catholic books for the purpose of thoroughly fitting himself to write an important work on Romanism. This has given rise to the rumor that he has become a Catholic.

At Brussels the first communion of the Princess Louise has been the great event. The young Princess has just attained her twelfth year, and is considered the living likeness of her aunt, the Empress Charlotte. The Empress is in a dying state, but no omission was made in her case to the usage, indispensable in all Catholic countries, of seeking a benediction from every one of the family upon the juvenile members about to enter the Church. The occasion is one of greater ceremony than even a wedding or a christening. Even the poor Empress had been made to understand that a ceremony of importance was about to occur, and she insisted on rising from her bed and attiring herself in her favorite dress of white silk, trimmed with black lace, and putting on her most beloved ornaments to welcome her young relative. Many presents had been prepared—for it is the custom always to bestow some memento of the day upon the new *communiante*—and the poor Empress sat in her arm-chair propped up with pillows, awaiting with childish impatience the entrance of her little niece. The red morocco case containing the necklace and ear-rings she was to bestow upon her visitor was in her hand. When the door opened, and the little figure, attired all in white, with the snowy veil thrown across her head and bosom, pausing for a minute on the threshold, advanced joyously toward her, some souvenir of her own youth, some remembrance of the veil and flowers, must have come across her, for she dashed the jewels to the ground, and seizing the hands of the Princess Louise, covered them with kisses, looking all the while into her face with such vacant inquiring expression that the poor child, quite overcome, sobbed aloud. After a while she grew more calm. She looked for the jewel-case, which had fallen to the ground, shook her head mournfully, and taking from her neck the chaplet and cross which had been given her by the Archbishop of Mexico, and from which she has never parted since the day of her entrance into that city, she placed it on the arm of the Princess, winding it round and round many times, and after kissing the cross with a passionate effort, sank back again upon the pillow, and remained still and motionless with closed eyes and compressed lips. The scene was very touching, and the doctor declares his opinion that the gleam of remembrance which shot across her poor bewildered brain on the first appearance of the Princess will be the last she will ever experience in this world. Ever since that day she has been confined to her bed, where she lies apparently without consciousness.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon is still looking ill, according to the report of those who see him. An expression of pain is on his countenance, he is very pale, and his mustache growing dim and gray. The pallor of his Majesty's countenance contrasts almost sadly with the celestial rosy red which is permanently settled on that of the Empress; and when the imperial pair are seated in close proximity this contrast becomes the subject of general observation.

A suggestion has been made to place a stained-glass window in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of Charles Dickens.

Christine Nilsson was not specially distinguished in her earliest childhood among her many brothers and sisters. Her father, an ardent lover of music, early taught her its first principles; and her elder brother, the village fiddler, noticing her charming voice, conceived the idea of taking her with him to the numerous fairs and festivals at which his services were required. Her voice and beauty attracted crowds. Finally a magistrate, by name Thornerhjelm, touched with the sweetness of the Swedish melodies she sang, made to her parents a kind proposal respecting her future education. The mother at first demurred, but the father had dreamed a strange and beautiful dream about his child's future. He persuaded the mother, and accepted the proposal for Christine's education.

The race-course in Saratoga has received a new coating of loam since last season; and the accommodations for spectators have been greatly improved. Comfortable seats have been provided, and the stands roofed over.

The editor of a Southern journal remarks that Charles Reade's new novel has a frontispiece representing a young man seated very close to a very pretty girl; and that when he looks at the picture, and observes that the title-page makes the request, "Put Yourself in His Place," he feels much inclined to comply.

The present Pope of Rome has entered upon the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate. During the long series of 259 popes no one has occupied the papal chair twenty-five years. The nearest approach was that of Pius VI., who reigned twenty-four years six months and fourteen days.

The young elephant that was presented by Sir Jung Bahadoor to the Duke of Edinburgh has not been allowed to lead an idle life on board the *Galatea*, in which he was transported to England. His services were utilized at Galle for the purpose of hauling in some 300 tons of coal which would otherwise have employed upward of thirty men. He rather objected to the occupation at first; but a little coaxing and quiet treatment soon reconciled him to his fate, and he cheerfully went through his task, to the great delight of the Jack Tars.

A London correspondent of the *Scotsman* attributes the death of Dickens to the mental labor of writing "Edwin Drood." This may have been one of the exciting causes of his last sudden and fatal illness. He had not seemed like his old self since his last public readings. He was more easily wearied, and complained of a strange supineness of mind and labored slowness with the pen. His hair had become almost white. He suffered much from sleeplessness, and complained of exhaustion. He commenced writing "Edwin Drood" too soon after his public readings. Although the idea of the story had been in his mind for some time, he found the development of the incidents and characters slow and painful.

Ida Lewis really seems to have had a hard time of it. Last year over ten thousand persons called on her, many of them asking senseless and annoying questions, and prying into her private affairs in an exceedingly uncomfortable manner. Her health failed in consequence of this raid of visitors, and now this year the same thing is likely to be repeated. What has been said about the number of presents given her is greatly exaggerated. Those who really desire to aid her had better purchase her photograph, and the little sketch of her life which has been printed; and not intrude upon her time, or tax her strength, at Lime Rock.

The Registrar of Vital Statistics has reported that for fourteen years there has not been in this city such an excessive mortality as marked the last week in June. That was "the hot week," as the thirty-nine deaths from sun-stroke indicate.

The King of Italy—so it is reported—is destitute of that apparently very important and valued article of royal wardrobe, a *crown*. Not long ago a subscription was opened for the purchase of one. The sum was soon made up; but the King sent for the chief movers in the matter, and, after thanking them in a right kingly fashion for the attention intended, begged them to employ the money subscribed in founding an asylum for the blind in Florence. This will be done; and the *Court Journal* suggests that it be called "The King's Crown."

The London *Bookseller*, in speaking of the "Mary Powell" series of books, says: "In America the series has been equally popular, or even more so, one of the lines of river steamers being named the 'Mary Powell' line."

It is stated on good authority that, in the last five years, Messrs. Marion, of London, have sold more than seventy thousand copies of the photograph of Adelina Patti.

Somebody affirms that if windows are washed with water in which garlics or onions are boiled house-flies will avoid them altogether. We should think they would!

An American has offered to purchase the residence of Mr. Dickens, at Gadshill, for twenty thousand pounds.

Apropos of the small-pox and the French habit of kissing, which is so agreeable under certain circumstances, a learned doctor writes to the papers to prove that this habit has its dangers as well as its pleasures. He says that the contact of lips is sufficient to communicate almost any malady, and highly extols the more sanitary expression of feeling practiced in England, known as "une gracieuse poignée des mains." He winds up by warning his readers that "a kiss may end often in death!"

A Brooklyn lady died a short time ago in consequence of a mistake being made in the putting up of the medicine ordered for her. The prescription was plainly written by her physician, it being a preparation of opium. By some strange oversight or carelessness, the clerk of the drug store put up another preparation much more powerful. The result was the death of the lady who took it, no efforts to save her, after the mistake was discovered, proving of any avail.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MASONIC PEN.—The Rondout *Courier* gets the following story from a telegraph operator in that village: A member of the Masonic order telegraphed to a companion down the river somewhere, "Make room for ten Royal Arch Masons. Coming to-day." When the companions arrived they found a pen had been built for their accommodation, the telegram at its destination reading, "Make room for ten RAM's. Coming to-day."

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were traveling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."

An Irish gentlemen, who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looked at his watch just after midnight, and said: "It is to-morrow morning; I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."

When a married man becomes "corned," it is perfectly right that his wife should pull his ears.

A Terre Haute girl perpetrates the following excruciating bit of poetry:

"Since of your love I was bereft
I've lost some ninety pounds in heft,
And now have scarcely ninety left—
How could you be so cruel, John?"

A colored inebriate was lying on a bench the other evening, in his cell at the Central Station, at Providence, when the officer made his rounds of inspection. Unable by the fitful gas-light to clearly discern the prisoner's features, the officer asked, "Are you colored?" "No," answered the enfranchised, drowsily, "I was born so."

Hayes City, Kansas, has a female constable. The young men are in constant fear that she may have "an attachment" for them.

A Maine editor expresses the opinion that, if one of his political opponents were placed upon trial for murder, an article recently printed by him might be cited to establish his insanity, and would be deemed quite sufficient by any twelve jurymen not insane themselves.

A man down in Maine says if he builds a house he will have folding-doors, "they're so handy in case of a funeral."

A NEW IRISH BULL.—The Detroit *Tribune* says that a resident of that city, who lives on a fashionable thoroughfare, observed a man whom he did not care to see coming toward his door, and hurriedly instructed Bridget to tell the person that he was not at home. "All right, Sir," said Bridget, as she made haste to answer the door bell. "Is Mr. —— at home?" inquired the caller. "Faith an' he's gone out," responded the obedient servant. "When will he be at home?" asked the man at the door. "Hould on a minnit," put in Bridget, "*an' I'll ax him!*"

A "lovyer," in whom the Promethean fire burns bright and effulgent, has worked out the following elegant specimen of literature and rhyme:

"O! Sally tis my chief delite,
To gais upon your eyeses brite,
My luv for you, by gosh, cirpassess
The luv I fele for rum and 'lasses."

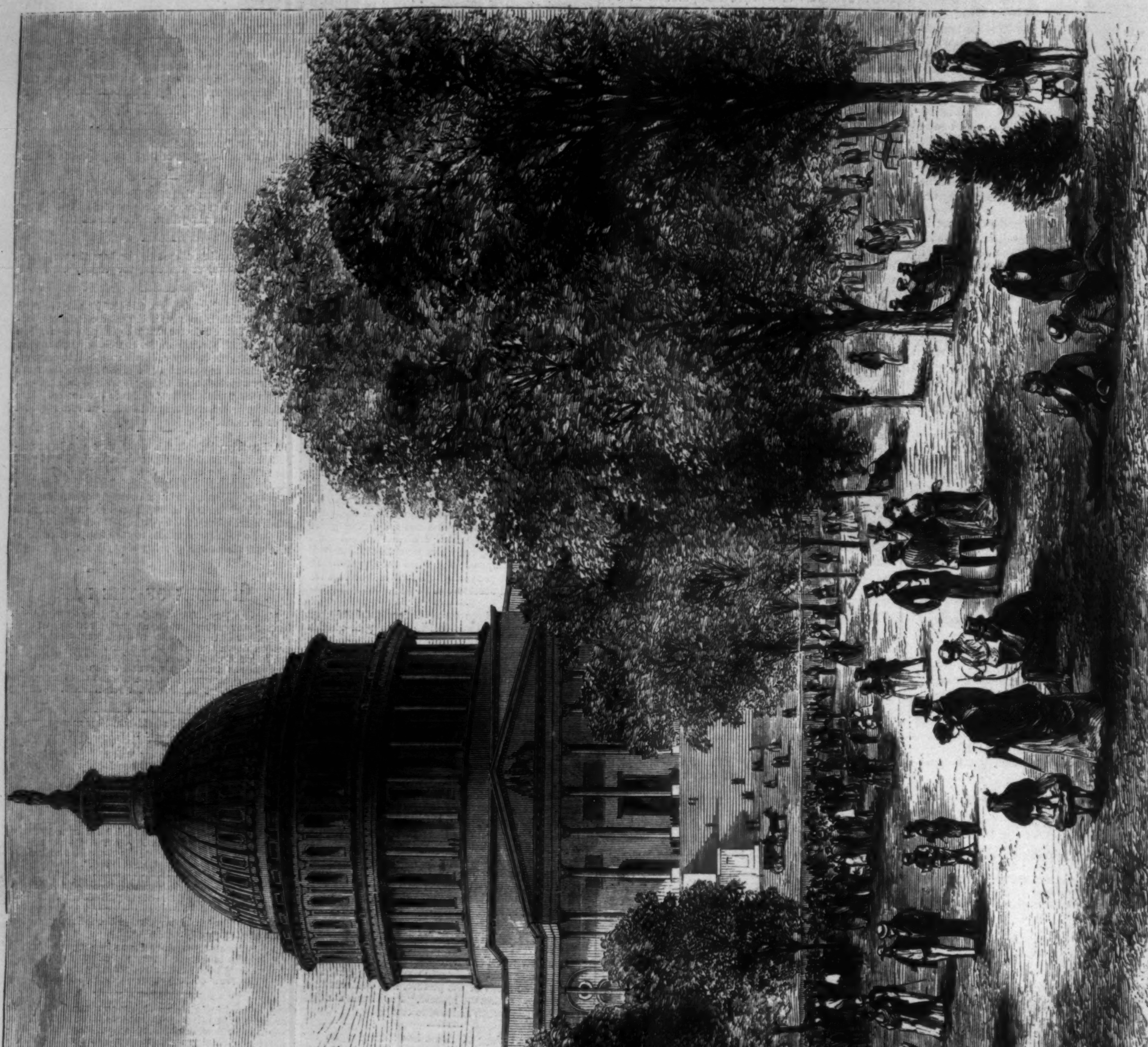
Two twin brothers in New York are so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

The following is a veritable transcript from the record of a will admitted to probate in the State of New York: "I bequeath my body to the grave, my soul to its Maker, and the *remainder of my property* to my wife."

"I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air, "soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

An aged Forfarshire lady, knowing the habits of her old and spoiled servant, when she wished a note taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying: "There noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in it; noo dinna stop to open it, but jest send it off."

A Mr. Malaprop—a man slightly pretentious, fond of display, and somewhat ignorant—recently called the attention of some visitors to a showy carpet on one of his apartments, with the remark, "There, gentlemen, that is one of the best carpets *Mr. Brussels ever made!*"



MUSIC EVENING AT THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, WASHINGTON, D.C.—Drawn by T. H. Nash.—[See Page 473.]

"OUT OF THE WORLD."

IN this most interesting picture Mr. LEHMANN represents a scene which he witnessed years ago at the Franciscan monastery at Tivoli. In a whitewashed cell a young monk sits playing the harpsichord—one of those old-fashioned instruments still used in remote districts on the Continent, where the modern piano has not yet been introduced—and an elder monk stands listening to him. Inside the harpsichord was inscribed, in monkish Latin, this distich:

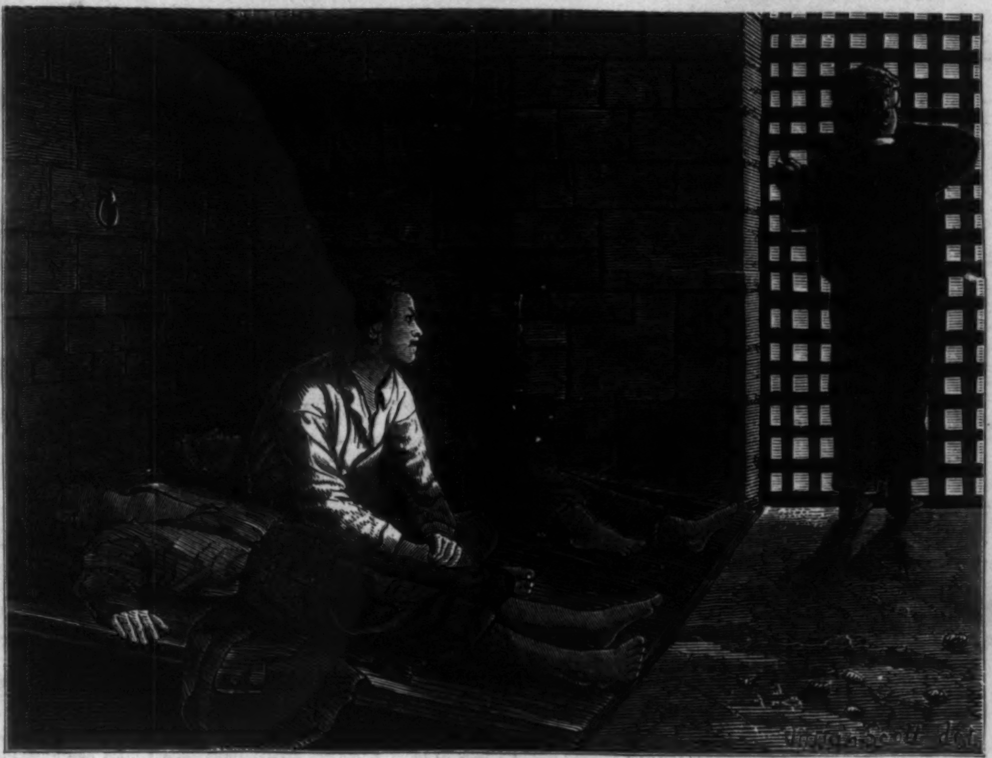
"Me vivum in silva fecit natura tacere:
Me cæsum ars cogit, dulce sonare loqui;"

which is closely enough rendered by the lines:

"Living a woodland tree, to be dumb was decreed me by nature:
Dead, how I sing! how I speak! such is the magic of art."

The figures in this picture compose unaffectedly; and it is said that in the original picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, the simple coloring accords well with the sentiment of repose and retirement proper to the subject and title. The broad masses of color formed by the warm brown of the monks' frocks and the low-toned red pavement tiles harmonize pleasantly with the pale greenish-blue, heightened with gold, of the harpsichord-case and the cool gray of the cell wall, relieved by light and shade.

Such scenes of quiet and repose are now rare since the dissolution of so many monasteries; but, however false and mischievous the monastic conception of life, some care-worn, overtaxed toilers "in the world" may, without reproach, occasionally sigh for peace and rest as complete as is here indicated—for a refuge "out of the world"—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."



THE BOYS' CELL IN THE TOMBS.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 471.]

THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, WASHINGTON.

EVERY pleasant Wednesday evening all Washington crowds to the beautiful grounds at the east front of the National Capitol, to listen to the splendid music furnished by the Marine Band. There may frequently be seen the most distinguished personages in the city, the President, the heads of the several departments of the government, members of Congress, foreign embassadors, etc. The pleasantest feature of this weekly out-of-door concert is the delight which it affords the children of the city, who on these occasions are allowed the freedom of the grounds. Even running on the grass is permitted—a privilege of which they are not slow to take advantage.

In former days these concerts were always honored with the presence of CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, J. Q. ADAMS, and other great men of the generation which has just passed away, who took great delight in the society of children, and loved to take part in their innocent pastimes.

"OUT OF THE WORLD."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

(*Continued.*)

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"WE finished the job on the wall just before dark. I went to my cup of tea, and he went to his bottle of gin.

"I left him, drinking hard, to put our two bedrooms tidy for the night. The place that his bed happened to be set in (which I had never remarked particularly before) seemed, in a manner of speaking, to force itself on my notice now.

"The head of the bedstead was set against the wall which divided his room from mine. From looking at the bedstead I got to looking at the wall next. Then to wondering what it was made of. Then to rapping against it with my knuckles. The sound told me there was nothing but lath and plaster under the paper. It was the same as the wall we had been at work on down stairs. We had cleared our way so far through this last—in certain places where the repairs were most needed—that we had to be careful not to burst through the paper in the room on the other side. I found myself calling to mind the caution my husband had given me while we were at this part of the work, word for word as he had spoken it. '*Take care you don't find your hands in the next room.*' That was what he had said down in the parlor. Up in his bedroom I kept on repeating it in my own mind—with my eyes all the while on the key, which he had moved to the inner side of the door to lock himself in—till the knowledge of what it meant burst on me like a flash of light. I looked at the wall, at the bedhead, at my own two hands—and I shivered as if it was winter time.

"Hours must have passed like minutes while I was up stairs that night. I lost all count of time. When my husband came up from his drinking, he found me in his room.

12.

"I leave the rest untold, and pass on purposely to the next morning.

"No mortal eyes but mine will ever see these lines. Still, there are things a woman can't write of even to herself. I shall only say this. I suffered the last and worst of many indignities at my husband's hands—at the very time when I first saw, set plainly before me, the way to take his life. He went out toward noon next day, to go his rounds among the public houses; my mind being then strung up to deliver myself from him, for good and all, when he came back at night.

"The things we had used on the previous day were left in the parlor. I was all by myself in the house, free to put in practice the lesson he had taught me. I proved myself an apt scholar. Before the lamps were lit in the street I had my own way prepared (in my bedroom and in his) for laying my own hands on him—after he had locked himself up for the night.

"I don't remember feeling either fear or doubt through all those hours. I sat down to my bit of supper with no better and no worse an appetite than usual. The only change in me that I can call to mind was that I felt a singular longing to have somebody with me to keep me company. Having no friend to ask in, I went to the street door and stood looking at the people passing this way and that.

"A stray dog, sniffing about, came up to me. Generally I dislike dogs and beasts of all kinds. I called this one in and gave him his supper. He had been taught (I suppose) to sit up on his hind-legs and beg for food; at any rate, that was his way of asking me for more. I laughed—it seems impossible when I look back at it now, but for all that it's true—I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks, at the little beast on his haunches, with his ears pricked up and his head on one side and his mouth watering for the victuals. I wonder whether I was in my right senses? I don't know.

"When the dog had got all he could get he whined to be let out to roam the streets again.

"As I opened the door to let the creature go his ways, I saw my husband crossing the road to come in. 'Keep out' (I says to him); 'to-night, of all nights, keep out.' He was too drunk to heed me; he passed by, and blundered his way up stairs. I followed and listened. I heard him open his door, and bang it to, and lock it. I waited a bit, and went up another stair or two. I heard him drop down on to his bed. In a minute more he was fast asleep and snoring.

"It had all happened as it was wanted to happen. In two minutes—without doing one single thing to bring suspicion on myself—I could have smothered him. I went into my own room. I took up the towel that I had laid ready. I was within an inch of it—when there came a rush of something up into my head. I can't say what it was. I can only say the horrors laid hold of me and hunted me then and there out of the house.

"I put on my bonnet, and slipped the key of the street door into my pocket. It was only half past nine—or maybe a quarter to ten. If I had any one clear notion in my head, it was the notion of running away, and never allowing myself to set eyes on the house or the husband more.

"I went up the street—and came back. I went down the street—and came back. I tried it a third time, and went round and round and round—and came back. It was not to be done. The house held me chained to it like a dog to his kennel. I couldn't keep away from it. For the life of me, I couldn't keep away from it.

"A company of gay young men and women passed me, just as I was going to let myself in again. They were in a great hurry. 'Step out,' says one of the men; 'the theatre's close by, and we shall be just in time for the farce.' I turned about and followed them. Having been piously brought up, I had never been inside a theatre in my life. It struck me that I might get taken, as it were, out of myself, if I saw something that was quite strange to me, and heard something which would put new thoughts into my mind.

"They went in to the pit; and I went in after them.

"The thing they called the farce had begun. Men and women came on to the stage, turn and turn about, and talked, and went off again. Before long all the people about me in the pit were laughing and clapping their hands. The noise they made angered me. I don't know how to describe the state I was in. My eyes wouldn't serve me, and my ears wouldn't serve me, to see and to hear what the rest of them were seeing and hearing. There must have been something, I fancy, in my mind that got itself between me and what was going on upon the stage. The play looked fair enough on the surface; but there was danger and death at the bottom of it. The players were talking and laughing to deceive the people—with murder in their minds all the time. And nobody knew it but me—and my tongue was tied when I tried to tell the others. I got up, and ran out. The moment I was in the street my steps turned back of themselves on the way to the house. I called a cab, and told the man to drive (as far as a shilling would take me) the opposite way. He put me down—I don't know where. Across the street I saw an inscription in letters of flame over an open door. The man said it was a dancing-place. Dancing was as new to me as play-going. I had one more shilling left; and I paid to go in, and see what a sight of the dancing would do for me. The light from the ceiling poured down in this place as if it was all on fire. The crashing of the music was dreadful. The whirling round and round of men and women in each other's arms was quite maddening to see. I don't know what happened to me here. The great blaze of light from the ceiling turned blood-red on a sudden. The man standing in front of the musicians waving a stick took the likeness of Satan, as seen in the picture in our family Bible at home. The whirling men and women went round and round, with white faces like the faces of the dead, and bodies robed in winding-sheets. I screamed out with the terror of it; and some person took me by the arm and put me outside the door. The darkness did me good: it was comforting and delicious—like a cool hand laid on a hot head. I went walking on through it, without knowing where; composing my mind with the belief that I had lost my way, and that I should find myself miles distant from home when morning dawned. After some time I got too weary to go on; and I sat me down to rest on a door-step. I dozed a bit, and woke up. When I got on my feet to go on again, I happened to turn my head toward the door of the house. The number on it was the same number as ours. I looked again. And behold, it was our steps I had been resting on. The door was our door.

"All my doubts and all my struggles dropped out of my mind when I made that discovery. There was no mistaking what this perpetual coming back to the house meant. Resist it as I might, it was to be.

"I opened the street door and went up stairs, and heard him sleeping his heavy sleep, exactly as I had heard him when I went out. I sat down on my bed and took off my bonnet, quite quiet in myself, because I knew it was to be. I damped the towel, and put it ready, and took a turn in the room.

"It was just the dawn of day. The sparrows were chirping among the trees in the square hard by.

"I drew up my blind; the faint light spoke to me as if in words, 'Do it now, before I get brighter, and show too much.'

"I listened. The friendly silence had a word for me too: 'Do it now, and trust the secret to Me.'

"I waited till the church clock chimed before striking the hour. At the first stroke—without touching the lock of his door, without setting foot in his room—I had the towel over his face. Before the last stroke he had ceased struggling. When the hum of the bell through the morning silence was still and dead, *he* was still and dead with it.

13.

"The rest of this history is counted in my mind by four days—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. After that it all fades off like, and the new years come with a strange look, being the years of a new life.

"What about the old life first? What did I feel, in the horrid quiet of the morning, when I had done it?

"I don't know what I felt. I can't remember it, or I can't tell it, I don't know which. I can write the history of the four days, and that's all.

"Wednesday.—I gave the alarm toward noon. Hours before, I had put things straight and fit to be seen. I had only to call for help, and to leave the people to do as they pleased. The neighbors came in, and then the police. They knocked, uselessly, at his door. Then they broke it open, and found him dead in his bed.

"Not the ghost of a suspicion of me entered the mind of any one. There was no fear of human justice finding me out: my one unutterable dread was dread of an Avenging Providence. I had a short sleep that night, and a dream, in which I did the deed over again. For a time my mind was busy with thoughts of confessing to the police, and of giving myself up. If I had not belonged to a respectable family, I should have done it. From generation to generation there had been no stain on our good name. It would be death to my father, and disgrace to all my family, if I owned what I had done, and suffered for it on the public scaffold. I prayed to be guided; and I had a revelation, toward morning, of what to do.

"I was commanded, in a vision, to open the Bible, and vow on it to set my guilty self apart among my innocent fellow-creatures from that day forth; to live among them a separate and silent life; to dedicate the use of my speech to the language of prayer only, offered up in the solitude of my own chamber, when no human ear could hear me. Alone, in the morning, I saw the vision, and vowed the vow. No human ear *has* heard me from that time. No human ear *will* hear me, to the day of my death.

"Thursday.—The people came to speak to me, as usual. They found me dumb.

"What had happened to me in the past, when my head had been hurt, and my speech affected by it, gave a likelier look to my dumbness than it might have borne in the case of another person. They took me back again to the hospital. The doctors were divided in opinion. Some said the shock of what had taken place in the house, coming on the back of the other shock, might, for all they knew, have done the mischief. And others said, 'She got her speech again after the accident; there has been no new injury since that time; the woman is shamming dumb, for some purpose of her own.' I let them dispute it as they liked. All human talk was nothing now to me. I had set myself apart among my fellow-creatures; I had begun my separate and silent life.

"Through all this time the sense of a coming punishment hanging over me never left my mind. I had nothing to dread from human justice. The judgment of an Avenging Providence—there was what I was waiting for.

"Friday.—They held the inquest. He had been known for years past as an inveterate drunkard; he had been seen overnight going home in liquor; he had been found locked up in his room, with the key inside the door, and the latch of the window bolted also. No fire-place was in this garret; nothing was disturbed or altered; nobody by human possibility could have got in. The doctor reported that he had died of congestion of the lungs; and the jury gave their verdict accordingly.

14.

"Saturday.—Marked forever in my calendar as the memorable day on which the judgment descended on me. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon—in the broad sunlight, under the cloudless sky, with hundreds of innocent human creatures all around me—I, Hester Dethridge, saw, for the first time, the Appearance which is appointed to haunt me for the rest of my life.

"I had had a terrible night. My mind felt much as it had felt on the evening when I had gone to the play. I went out to see what the air and the sunshine and the cool green of trees and grass would do for me. The nearest place in which I could find what I wanted was the Regent's Park. I went into one of the quiet walks in the middle of the park, where the horses and carriages are not allowed to go, and where old people can sun themselves, and children play, without danger.

"I sat me down to rest on a bench. Among the children near me was a beautiful little boy, playing with a brand-new toy—a horse and wagon. While I was watching him busily plucking up the blades of grass and loading his wagon with them, I felt for the first time—what I have often and often felt since—a creeping chill come slowly over my flesh, and then a suspicion of something hidden near me, which would steal out and show itself if I looked that way.

"There was a big tree hard by. I looked toward the tree, and waited to see the something hidden appear from behind it.

"The Thing stole out, dark and shadowy in the pleasant sunlight. At first I saw only the dim figure of a woman. After a little it began to get plainer, brightening from within outward—brightening, brightening, brightening, till it set before me the vision of MY OWN SELF, repeated as if I was standing before a glass—the double of myself, looking at me with my own eyes. I saw it move over the grass. I saw it stop behind the beautiful little boy. I saw it stand and listen, as I had stood and listened at the dawn of morning, for the chiming of the bell before the clock struck the hour. When it heard the stroke it pointed down to the boy with my own hand; and it said to me, with my own voice, 'Kill him.'

"A time passed. I don't know whether it was a minute or an hour. The heavens and the earth disappeared from before me. I saw nothing but the double of myself, with the pointing hand. I felt nothing but the longing to kill the boy.

"Then, as it seemed, the heavens and the earth rushed back upon me. I saw the people near staring in surprise at me, and wondering if I was in my right mind.

"I got, by main force, to my feet; I looked, by main force, away from the beautiful boy; I escaped, by main force, from the sight of the Thing, back into the streets. I can only describe the overpowering strength of the temptation that tried me in one way. It was like tearing the life out of me to tear myself from killing the boy. And what it was on this occasion it has been ever since. No remedy against it but in that torturing effort, and no quenching the after-agony but by solitude and prayer.

"The sense of a coming punishment had hung over me. And the punishment had come. I had waited for the judgment of an Avenging Providence. And the judgment was pronounced. With pious David I could now say, Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off."

Arrived at that point in the narrative, Geoffrey looked up from the manuscript for the first time. Some sound outside the room had disturbed him. Was it a sound in the passage?

He listened. There was an interval of silence. He looked back again at the Confession, turning over the last leaves to count how much was left of it before it came to an end.

After relating the circumstances under which the writer had returned to domestic service, the narrative was resumed no more. Its few remaining pages were occupied by a fragmentary journal. The brief entries all referred to the various occasions on which Hester Dethridge had again and again seen the terrible apparition of herself, and had again and again resisted the homicidal frenzy roused in her by the hideous creation of her own distempered brain. In the effort which that resistance cost her lay the secret of her obstinate determination to insist on being freed from her work at certain times, and to make it a condition with any mistress who employed her that she should be privileged to sleep in a room of her own at night. Having counted the pages thus filled, Geoffrey turned back to the place at which he had left off, to read the manuscript through to the end.

As his eyes rested on the first line the noise in the passage—intermitted for a moment only—disturbed him again.

This time there was no doubt of what the sound implied. He heard her hurried footsteps; he heard her dreadful cry. Hester Dethridge had woke in her chair in the parlor, and had discovered that the Confession was no longer in her own hands.

He put the manuscript into the breast-pocket of his coat. On *this* occasion his reading had been of some use to him. Needless to go on further with it. Needless to return to the Newgate Calendar. The problem was solved.

As he rose to his feet his heavy face brightened slowly with a terrible smile. While the woman's Confession was in his pocket the woman herself was in his power. "If she wants it back," he said, "she must get it on my terms." With that resolution, he opened the door, and met Hester Dethridge, face to face, in the passage.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

THE SIGNS OF THE END.

THE servant, appearing the next morning in Anne's room with the breakfast tray, closed the door with an air of mystery, and announced that strange things were going on in the house.

"Did you hear nothing last night, ma'am," she asked, "down stairs in the passage?"

"I thought I heard some voices whispering outside my room," Anne replied. "Has any thing happened?"

Extricated from the confusion in which she involved it, the girl's narrative amounted in substance to this. She had been startled by the sudden appearance of her mistress in the passage, staring about her wildly, like a woman who had gone out of her senses. Almost at the same moment "the master" had flung open the drawing-room door. He had caught Mrs. Dethridge by the arm, had dragged her into the room, and had closed the door again. After the two had remained shut up together for more than half an hour, Mrs. Dethridge had come out, as pale as ashes, and had gone up stairs trembling like a person in great terror. Some time later, when the servant was in bed, but not asleep, she had seen a light under her door, in the narrow wooden passage which separated Anne's bedroom from Hester's bedroom, and by which she obtained access to her own little sleeping-chamber beyond. She had got out of bed; had looked through the keyhole; and had seen "the master" and Mrs. Dethridge standing together examining the walls of the passage. "The master" had laid his hand upon the wall, on the side of his wife's room, and had looked at Mrs. Dethridge. And Mrs. Dethridge had looked back at him, and had shaken her head. Upon that he had said in a whisper (still with his hand on the wooden wall), "Not to be done here?" And Mrs. Dethridge had shaken her head. He had considered a moment, and had whispered again, "The other room will do, won't it?" And Mrs. Dethridge had nodded her head—and so they had parted. That was the story of the night. Early in the morning, more strange things had happened. The master had gone out, with a large sealed packet in his hand, covered with many stamps; taking his own letter to the post, instead of sending the servant with it as usual. On his return, Mrs. Dethridge had gone out next, and had come back with something in a jar which she had locked up in her own sitting-room. Shortly afterward, a working-man had brought a bundle of laths, and some mortar and plaster of Paris, which had been carefully placed together in a corner of the scullery. Last, and most remarkable in the series of domestic events, the girl had received permission to go home and see her friends in the country, on that very day; having been previously informed, when she entered Mrs. Dethridge's service, that she was not to expect to have a holiday granted to her until after Christmas. Such were the strange things which had happened in the house since the previous night. What was the interpretation to be placed on them?

The right interpretation was not easy to discover.

Some of the events pointed apparently toward coming repairs or alterations in the cottage. But

what Geoffrey could have to do with them (being at the time served with a notice to quit), and why Hester Dethridge should have shown the violent agitation which had been described, were mysteries which it was impossible to penetrate.

Anne dismissed the girl with a little present and a few kind words. Under other circumstances, the incomprehensible proceedings in the house might have made her seriously uneasy. But her mind was now occupied by more pressing anxieties. Blanche's second letter (received from Hester Dethridge on the previous evening) informed her that Sir Patrick persisted in his resolution, and that he and his niece might be expected, come what might of it, to present themselves at the cottage on that day.

Anne opened the letter, and looked at it for the second time. The passages relating to Sir Patrick were expressed in these terms:

"I don't think, darling, you have any idea of the interest that you have roused in my uncle. Although he has not to reproach himself, as I have, with being the miserable cause of the sacrifice that you have made, he is quite as wretched and quite as anxious about you as I am. We talk of nobody else. He said last night that he did not believe there was your equal in the world. Think of that from a man who has such terribly sharp eyes for the faults of women in general, and such a terribly sharp tongue in talking of them! I am pledged to secrecy; but I must tell you one other thing, between ourselves. Lord Holchester's announcement that his brother refuses to consent to a separation put my uncle almost beside himself. If there is not some change for the better in your life in a few days' time, Sir Patrick will find out a way of his own—lawful or not, he doesn't care—for rescuing you from the dreadful position in which you are placed, and Arnold (with my full approval) will help him. As we understand it, you are, under one pretense or another, kept a close prisoner. Sir Patrick has already secured a post of observation near you. He and Arnold went all round the cottage last night, and examined a door in your back garden wall, with a locksmith to help them. You will no doubt hear further about this from Sir Patrick himself. Pray don't appear to know any thing of it when you see him! I am not in his confidence—but Arnold is, which comes to the same thing exactly. You will see us (I mean you will see my uncle and me) to-morrow, in spite of the brute who keeps you under lock and key. Arnold will not accompany us; he is not to be trusted (he owns it himself) to control his indignation. Courage, dearest! There are two people in the world to whom you are inestimably precious, and who are determined not to let your happiness be sacrificed. I am one of them, and (for Heaven's sake keep this a secret also!) Sir Patrick is the other."

Absorbed in the letter, and in the conflict of opposite feelings which it roused—her color rising when it turned her thoughts inward on herself, and fading again when she was reminded by it of the coming visit—Anne was called back to a sense of present events by the reappearance of the servant, charged with a message. Mr. Speedwell had been for some time in the cottage, and he was now waiting to see her down stairs.

Anne found the surgeon alone in the drawing-room. He apologized for disturbing her at that early hour.

"It was impossible for me to get to Fulham yesterday," he said, "and I could only make sure of complying with Lord Holchester's request by coming here before the time at which I receive patients at home. I have seen Mr. Delamayn, and I have requested permission to say a word to you on the subject of his health."

Anne looked through the window, and saw Geoffrey smoking his pipe—not in the back garden, as usual, but in front of the cottage, where he could keep his eye on the gate.

"Is he ill?" she asked.

"He is seriously ill," answered Mr. Speedwell. "I should not otherwise have troubled you with this interview. It is a matter of professional duty to warn you, as his wife, that he is in danger. He may be seized at any moment by a paralytic stroke. The only chance for him—a very poor one, I am bound to say—is to make him alter his present mode of life without loss of time."

"In one way he will be obliged to alter it," said Anne. "He has received notice from the landlady to quit this cottage."

Mr. Speedwell looked surprised.

"I think you will find that the notice has been withdrawn," he said. "I can only assure you that Mr. Delamayn distinctly informed me, when I advised change of air, that he had decided, for reasons of his own, on remaining here."

(Another in the series of incomprehensible domestic events! Hester Dethridge—on all other occasions the most immovable of women—had changed her mind!)

"Setting that aside," proceeded the surgeon, "there are two preventive measures which I feel bound to suggest. Mr. Delamayn is evidently suffering (though he declines to admit it himself) from mental anxiety. If he is to have a chance for his life, that anxiety must be set at rest. Is it in your power to relieve it?"

"It is not even in my power, Mr. Speedwell, to tell you what it is."

The surgeon bowed, and went on:

"The second caution that I have to give you," he said, "is to keep him from drinking spirits. He admits having committed an excess in that way the night before last. In his state of health, drinking means literally death. If he goes back to the brandy-bottle—forgive me for saying it plainly; the matter is too serious to be trifled with—if he goes back to the brandy-bottle, his life, in my opinion, is not worth five minutes' purchase. Can you keep him from drinking?"

Anne answered sadly and plainly:

"I have no influence over him. The terms we are living on here—"

Mr. Speedwell considerately stopped her.

"I understand," he said. "I will see his brother on my way home." He looked for a moment at Anne. "You are far from well yourself," he resumed. "Can I do any thing for you?"

"While I am living my present life, Mr. Speedwell, not even your skill can help me."

The surgeon took his leave. Anne hurried back up stairs, before Geoffrey could re-enter the cottage. To see the man who had laid her life waste—to meet the vindictive hatred that looked furtively at her out of his eyes—at the moment when sentence of death had been pronounced on him, was an ordeal from which every finer instinct in her nature shrank in horror.

Hour by hour, the morning wore on, and he made no attempt to communicate with her. Stranger still, Hester Dethridge never appeared. The servant came up stairs to say good-by; and went away for her holiday. Shortly afterward, certain sounds reached Anne's ears from the opposite side of the passage. She heard the strokes of a hammer, and then a noise as of some heavy piece of furniture being moved. The mysterious repairs were apparently being begun in the spare room.

She went to the window. The hour was approaching at which Sir Patrick and Blanche might be expected to make the attempt to see her.

For the third time, she looked at the letter.

It suggested, on this occasion, a new consideration to her. Did the strong measures which Sir Patrick had taken in secret indicate alarm as well as sympathy? Did he believe she was in a position in which the protection of the law was powerless to reach her? It seemed just possible. Suppose she were free to consult a magistrate, and to own to him (if words could express it) the vague presentiment of danger which was then present in her mind—what proof could she produce to satisfy the mind of a stranger? The proofs were all in her husband's favor. Witnesses could testify to the conciliatory words which he had spoken to her in their presence. The evidence of his mother and brother would show that he had preferred to sacrifice his own pecuniary interests rather than consent to part with her. She could furnish nobody with the smallest excuse, in her case, for interfering between man and wife. Did Sir Patrick see this? And did Blanche's description of what he and Arnold Brinkworth were doing point to the conclusion that they were taking the law into their own hands in despair? The more she thought of it, the more likely it seemed.

She was still pursuing the train of thought thus suggested, when the gate-bell rang.

The noises in the spare room suddenly stopped.

Anne looked out. The roof of a carriage was visible on the other side of the wall. Sir Patrick and Blanche had arrived. After an interval Hester Dethridge appeared in the garden, and went to the grating in the gate. Anne heard Sir Patrick's voice, clear and resolute. Every word he said reached her ears through the open window.

"Be so good as to give my card to Mr. Delamayn. Say that I bring him a message from Holchester House, and that I can only deliver it at a personal interview."

Hester Dethridge returned to the cottage. Another, and a longer interval elapsed. At the end of the time, Geoffrey himself appeared in the front garden, with the key in his hand. Anne's heart throbbed fast as she saw him unlock the gate, and asked herself what was to follow.

To her unutterable astonishment, Geoffrey admitted Sir Patrick without the slightest hesitation—and, more still, he invited Blanche to leave the carriage and come in!

"Let by-gones be by-gones," Anne heard him say to Sir Patrick. "I only want to do the right thing. If it's the right thing for visitors to come here, so soon after my father's death, come, and welcome. My own notion was, when you proposed it before, that it was wrong. I am not much versed in these things. I leave it to you."

"A visitor who brings you messages from your mother and your brother," Sir Patrick answered gravely, "is a person whom it is your duty to admit, Mr. Delamayn, under any circumstances."

"And he ought to be none the less welcome," added Blanche, "when he is accompanied by your wife's oldest and dearest friend."

Geoffrey looked, in stolid submission, from one to the other.

"I am not much versed in these things," he repeated. "I have said already, I leave it to you."

They were by this time close under Anne's window. She showed herself. Sir Patrick took off his hat. Blanche kissed her hand with a cry of joy, and attempted to enter the cottage. Geoffrey stopped her—and called to his wife to come down.

"No! no!" said Blanche. "Let me go up to her in her room."

She attempted for the second time to gain the stairs. For the second time, Geoffrey stopped her. "Don't trouble yourself," he said; "she is coming down."

Anne joined them in the front garden. Blanche flew into her arms and devoured her with kisses. Sir Patrick took her hand in silence. For the first time in Anne's experience of him, the bright, resolute, self-reliant old man was, for the moment, at a loss what to say, at a loss what to do. His eyes, resting on her in mute sympathy and interest, said plainly, "In your husband's presence I must not trust myself to speak."

Geoffrey broke the silence.

"Will you go into the drawing-room?" he asked, looking with steady attention at his wife and Blanche.

Geoffrey's voice appeared to rouse Sir Patrick. He raised his head—he looked like himself again.

"Why go indoors this lovely weather?" he said. "Suppose we take a turn in the garden?"

Blanche pressed Anne's hand significantly. The proposal was evidently made for a purpose. They turned the corner of the cottage and gained the large garden at the back—the two ladies walking together, arm in arm; Sir Patrick and Geoffrey following them. Little by little, Blanche quickened her pace. "I have got my instructions," she whispered to Anne. "Let's get out of his hearing."

It was more easily said than done. Geoffrey kept close behind them.

"Consider my lameness, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick. "Not quite so fast."

It was well intended. But Geoffrey's cunning had taken the alarm. Instead of dropping behind with Sir Patrick, he called to his wife.

"Consider Sir Patrick's lameness," he repeated. "Not quite so fast."

Sir Patrick met that check with characteristic readiness. When Anne slackened her pace, he addressed himself to Geoffrey, stopping deliberately in the middle of the path. "Let me give you my message from Holchester House," he said. The two ladies were still slowly walking on. Geoffrey was placed between the alternatives of staying with Sir Patrick and leaving them by themselves—or of following them and leaving Sir Patrick. Deliberately, on his side, he followed the ladies.

Sir Patrick called him back. "I told you I wished to speak to you," he said, sharply.

Driven to bay, Geoffrey openly revealed his resolution to give Blanche no opportunity of speaking in private to Anne. He called to Anne to stop.

"I have no secrets from my wife," he said. "And I expect my wife to have no secrets from me. Give me the message in her hearing."

Sir Patrick's eyes brightened with indignation. He controlled himself, and looked for an instant significantly at his niece before he spoke to Geoffrey.

"As you please," he said. "Your brother requests me to tell you that the duties of the new position in which he is placed occupy the whole of his time, and will prevent him from returning to Fulham, as he had proposed, for some days to come. Lady Holchester, hearing that I was likely to see you, has charged me with another message, from herself. She is not well enough to leave home; and she wishes to see you at Holchester House to-morrow—accompanied (as she specially desires) by Mrs. Delamayn."

In giving the two messages, he gradually raised his voice to a louder tone than usual. While he was speaking, Blanche (warned to follow her instructions by the glance her uncle had cast at her) lowered her voice, and said to Anne:

"He won't consent to the separation as long as he has got you here. He is trying for higher terms. Leave him, and he must submit. Put a candle in your window, if you can get into the garden to-night. If not, any other night. Make for the back gate in the wall. Sir Patrick and Arnold will manage the rest."

She slipped those words into Anne's ears—swinging her parasol to and fro, and looking as if the merest gossip was dropping from her lips—with the dexterity which rarely fails a woman when she is called on to assist a deception in which her own interests are concerned. Cleverly as it had been done, however, Geoffrey's inveterate distrust was stirred into action by it. Blanche had got to her last sentence before he was able to turn his attention from what Sir Patrick was saying to what his niece was saying. A quicker man would have heard more. Geoffrey had only distinctly heard the first half of the last sentence.

"What's that," he asked, "about Sir Patrick and Arnold?"

"Nothing very interesting to you," Blanche answered, readily. "I will repeat it if you like. I was telling Anne about my step-mother, Lady Lundie. After what happened that day in Portland Place, she has requested Sir Patrick and Arnold to consider themselves, for the future, as total strangers to her. That's all."

"Oh!" said Geoffrey, eying her narrowly. "That's all?"

"Ask my uncle," returned Blanche, "if you don't believe that I have reported her correctly. She gave us all our dismissal, in her most magnificent manner, and in those very words. Didn't she, Sir Patrick?"

It was perfectly true. Blanche's readiness of resource had met the emergency of the moment by describing something, in connection with Sir Patrick and Arnold, which had really happened. Silenced on one side, in spite of himself, Geoffrey was at the same moment pressed on the other, for an answer to his mother's message.

"I must take your reply to Lady Holchester," said Sir Patrick. "What is it to be?"

Geoffrey looked hard at him, without making any reply.

Sir Patrick repeated the message—with a special emphasis on that part of it which related to Anne. The emphasis roused Geoffrey's temper.

"You and my mother have made that message up between you, to try me!" he burst out. "Damn all underhand work is what *I* say!"

"I am waiting for your answer," persisted Sir Patrick, steadily ignoring the words which had just been addressed to him.

Geoffrey glanced at Anne, and suddenly recovered himself.

"My love to my mother," he said. "I'll go to her to-morrow—and take my wife with me, with the greatest pleasure. Do you hear that? With the greatest pleasure." He stopped to observe the effect of his reply. Sir Patrick waited impenetrably to hear more—if he had more to say. "I'm sorry I lost my temper just now," he resumed. "I am badly treated—I'm distrusted without a cause. I ask you to bear witness," he added, his voice getting louder again, while his eyes moved uneasily backward and forward between Sir Patrick and Anne, "that I treat my wife as becomes a lady. Her friend calls on her—and she's free to receive her friend. My mother wants to see her—and I promise to take her to my mother's. At two o'clock to-morrow. Where am I to blame? You stand there looking at me, and saying nothing. Where am I to blame?"

"If a man's own conscience justifies him, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick, "the opinions of others are of very little importance. My errand here is performed."

As he turned to bid Anne farewell, the uneasiness that he felt at leaving her forced its way to view. The color faded out of his face. His hand trembled as it closed tenderly and firmly on hers. "I shall see you to-morrow, at Holchester House," he said; giving his arm while he spoke to Blanche. He took leave of Geoffrey, without looking at him again, and without seeing his offered hand. In another minute they were gone.

Anne waited on the lower floor of the cottage, while Geoffrey closed and locked the gate. She had no wish to appear to avoid him, after the answer that he had sent to his mother's message. He returned slowly half-way across the front garden, looked toward the passage in which she was standing, passed before the door, and disappeared round the corner of the cottage on his way to the back garden. The inference was not to be mistaken. It was Geoffrey who was avoiding *her*. Had he lied to Sir Patrick? When the next day came would he find reasons of his own for refusing to take her to Holchester House?

She went up stairs. At the same moment Hester Dethridge opened her bedroom door to come out. Observing Anne, she closed it again; and remained invisible in her room. Once more the inference was not to be mistaken. Hester Dethridge, also, had her reasons for avoiding Anne.

What did it mean? What object could there be in common between Hester and Geoffrey?

There was no fathoming the meaning of it. Anne's thoughts reverted to the communication which had been secretly made to her by Blanche. It was not in womanhood to be insensible to such devotion as Sir Patrick's conduct implied. Terrible as her position had become in its ever-growing uncertainty, in its never-ending suspense, the oppression of it yielded for the moment to the glow of pride and gratitude which warmed her heart, as she thought of the sacrifices that had been made, of the perils that were still to be encountered, solely for her sake. To shorten the period of suspense seemed to be a duty which she owed to Sir Patrick, as well as to herself. Why, in her situation, wait for what the next day might bring forth? If the opportunity offered, she determined to put the signal in the window that night.

Toward evening she heard once more the noises which appeared to indicate that repairs of some sort were going on in the house. This time the sounds were fainter; and they came, as she fancied, not from the spare room, as before, but from Geoffrey's room, next to it.

The dinner was later than usual that day. Hester Dethridge did not appear with the tray till dusk. Anne spoke to her, and received a mute sign in answer. Determined to see the woman's face plainly, she put a question which required a written answer on the slate; and, telling Hester to wait, went to the mantle-piece to light her candle. When she turned round with the lighted candle in her hand, Hester was gone.

Night came. She rang her bell to have the tray taken away. The fall of a strange footstep startled her outside her door. She called out, "Who's there?" The voice of the lad whom Geoffrey employed to go on errands for him answered her.

"What do you want here?" she asked, through the door.

"Mr. Delamayn sent me up, ma'am. He wishes to speak to you directly."

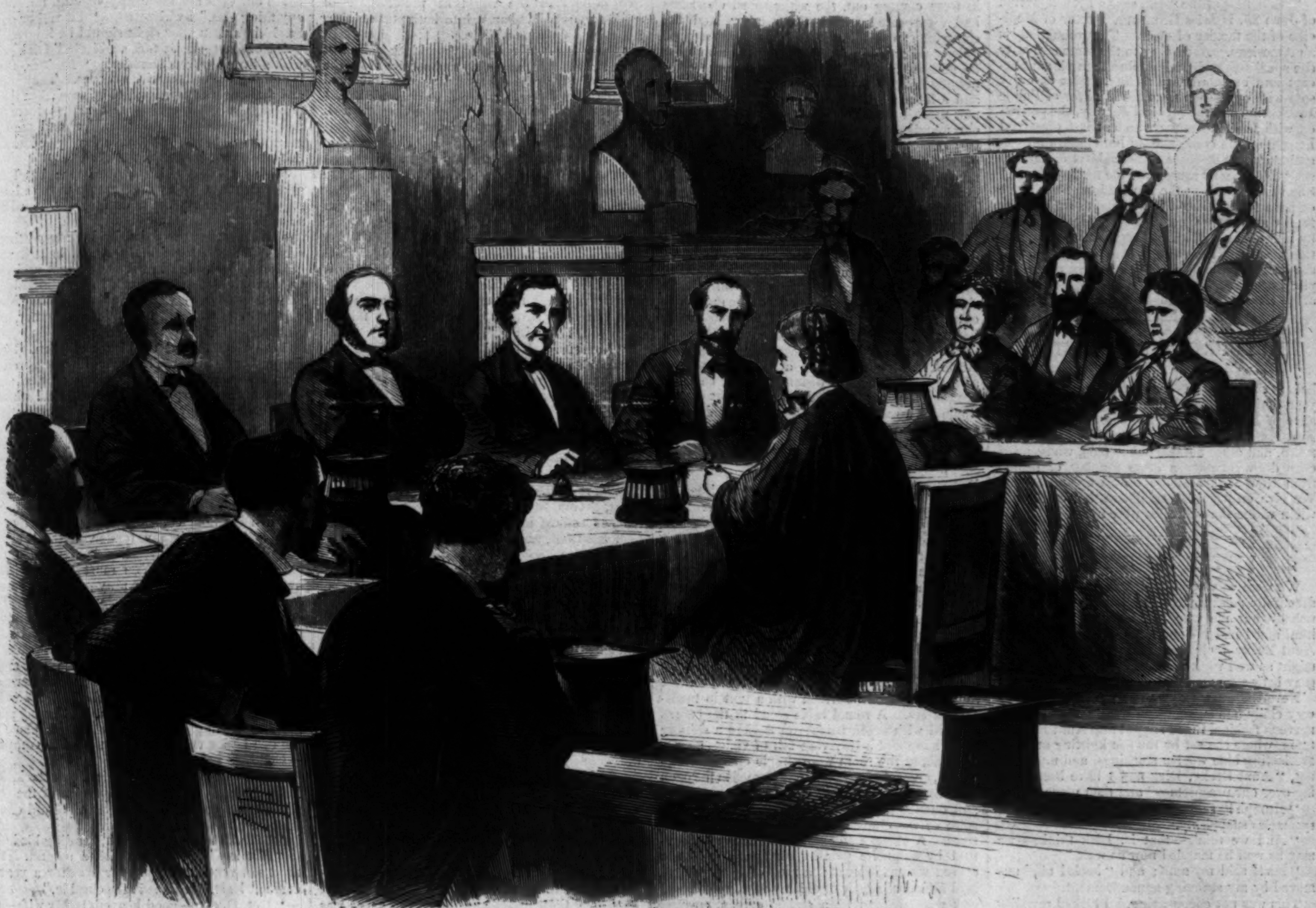
Anne found Geoffrey in the dining-room. His object in wishing to speak to her was, on the surface of it, trivial enough. He wanted to know how she would prefer going to Holchester House on the next day—by the railway, or in a carriage. "If you prefer driving," he said, "the boy has come here for orders; and he can tell them to send a carriage from the livery-stables, as he goes home."

"The railway will do perfectly well for me," Anne replied.

Instead of accepting the answer, and dropping the subject, he asked her to reconsider her decision. There was an absent, uneasy expression in his eye as he begged her not to consult economy at the expense of her own comfort. He appeared to have some reason of his own for preventing her from leaving the room. "Sit down a minute, and think before you decide," he said. Having forced her to take a chair, he put his head outside the door, and directed the lad to go up stairs, and see if he had left his pipe in his bedroom. "I want you to go in comfort, as a lady should," he repeated, with the uneasy look more marked than ever. Before Anne could reply, the lad's voice reached them from the bedroom floor, raised in shrill alarm, and screaming "Fire!"

Geoffrey ran up stairs. Anne followed him. The lad met them at the top of the stairs. He pointed to the open door of Anne's room. She was absolutely certain of having left her lighted candle, when she went down to Geoffrey, at a safe distance from the bed-curtains. The bed-curtains, nevertheless, were in a blaze of fire.

DIVIDEND-DAY—INTERIOR OF THE BOWERY SAVINGS-BANK.—[SEE PAGE 470.]



MISS GARRETT BEFORE THE BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS AT PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT WOODSTOCK.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

MISS GARRETT.

The lioness of the week, says a French journal of June 25, is Miss GARRETT, Doctor of Medicine of the faculty of Paris. This young lady is an American. According to the same authority she speaks French with a more than piquant accent and extraordinary facility. Met at every step with opposition from the Minister of Public Instruction and the Medical Faculty, she persisted with feminine energy, and at last presented herself, on the conclusion of her studies, for examination. She chose as the subject of her thesis, "Megrim, its causes and the means of cure." She was dressed, as the illustration of the scene on page 477 will show, in a student's robe. Her family and many spectators were present, drawn by interest as well as curiosity. The examination was long, thorough, and strictly impartial, the doctors seeming to forget the sex of the pupil; but she passed through it triumphantly, and at the close was awarded the well-earned diploma.

THE FOURTH AT WOODSTOCK.

The celebration of our National Anniversary held at the town of Woodstock, Connecticut, this year derived unusual interest from the attendance of President GRANT, General BUTLER, the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, General WOODFORD, and other notable public men, whose presence drew together a large number of people from New York and the New England States. We give on page 477 an illustration of the pavilion where the addresses were made.

LITTLE DAME TROT.

We were very young, Dick and I, and he was dreadfully poor, to be sure; but then as he had nobody but me who cared particularly about him, and I had no one but crusty, crabbed old Aunt Becky to live with, why, we thought we might as well work together as wait till we were gray before we ventured to marry.

Nevertheless, it was with very shaky knees and very chilly hands, squeezed tightly together in a nervous fashion, that I slipped into Aunt Becky's room, where she sat by the fire knitting at those everlasting blue woolen stockings, and mumbled out, "Aunt Becky, Dick and I have been talking over our prospects—" and then made pause.

"Humph!" said my aunt, and twitched her spectacles snappishly.

"And we think—that is, Dick thinks—we may as well be married now as wait."

"Ha!" said my aunt; and "heeled off," unmoved by my stunning announcement.

This was not encouraging. I kicked my slippers on the hearth-rag, twisted the tiny pearl ring Dick had given me round and round on my finger, then took courage, and bolted out,

"And, aunt, you know I must have some clothes; and, if you please, I should like the hundred dollars that father left me. Please don't think us foolish, aunt. We—we love each other very much."

"Oh, make fools of yourselves, if you choose," returned my aunt. "It's all one to me. Only, don't come bothering and begging to me afterward, that's all."

I flamed with indignation. The idea of Dick begging! However, poor old soul, I don't suppose she ever had a lover, or was in love herself; she knows nothing of my exalted sentiments; I feel I can afford to be magnanimous! Meanwhile Aunt Becky slowly rose, unlocked the big shining mahogany secretary, and took out of a pigeon-hole a little soiled chamois-leather bag.

"Here, child," she said. "Don't spend it in foolish finery."

"Oh, aunt, how good of you! Thank you a thousand times. Indeed, I will spend it sensibly."

The old lady was not altogether hard-hearted, after all. "You've been a good girl, Margaret," she said, slowly. "I hope you'll get along well. There's an old proverb that says, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' But Richard Dalton's a fine young man; he puts me in mind of—" Here my aunt stopped abruptly, and locked up the desk with a loud snap; then resuming her knitting and her usual manner at the same time, she added, "There, don't come kissing and bothering me. You've made me drop six stitches already."

I spent fifty dollars; it was the "good old times," reader, long "before the war," and I was only to be a poor young architect's wife, you know; and hid the other precious fifty for a rainy day.

"I hope you won't mind it's being a queer place to take a lady," said Dick to me, a little anxiously, as arm in arm we walked to the down-town church that golden June morning.

"Oh no, Dick; if you don't mind I don't," I said, hopefully, looking up—a long way up—into his face, for I am only a blue-eyed morsel of a woman, and Dick full six feet high.

"There happened to be those two vacant rooms back of the office, and the church-yard is very green and cheerful, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I took them just as a beginning. I'm afraid you will laugh at my 'grande appartement meublée,' but I know you can make it cheerful, Dame Trot."

"I don't believe your furnishing will be one bit queerer than my housekeeping. We are both greenhorns—that's one comfort."

"We shan't be much troubled with company, at all events;" said Dick, laughing. "Our swell acquaintances won't bestir themselves very often, I fancy, to climb up to the fourth floor of St. Thomas's Buildings for a morning call. But you'd rather live so, wouldn't you, than in a smelly boarding-house?" And Dick's handsome face expressed intense disgust.

At this moment, however, the church was reached. Morning prayers were just over; the few piously disposed individuals who had strayed in were coming out, the white-robed choristers had disappeared within the sacristy, and the clergyman was following. A verger stepped quietly up and whispered something in his ear; he paused, turned, and came back to the communion-rail. A few sight-seeing country people, and a little ragged news-boy peering round the pew nearest the door, were the only witnesses to our marriage. In ten minutes the great deed was done, and I walked out of church—Dick's wife! Was it possible? The world seemed to take singularly little notice of such a remarkable event.

St. Thomas's Buildings, as all the world knows, stand not a stone's-throw from the church where Margaret Blaine was transformed, in some wonderful way, into Mrs. Richard Dalton. I mounted breathlessly up four flights of an iron stairway, the walls whereof were plentifully besprinkled with signs pertaining to the occupants of the numerous offices, and paused, panting, on the topmost floor, before a shabby little door, half ground glass, on which was inscribed the legend, "R. Dalton, Architect." We entered; a huge green baize screen stood at a short distance within, concealing the office beyond, and forming a sort of vestibule for a second door. This Dick unlocked, and gently pushing me before him, closed it, saying, cheerily, "Here's home, Dame Trot! It's a puir one, but *our ain!* Thank God for that."

"Oh, Dick!" I cried, standing on tiptoe to hug him. "What a lovely little room! I'm sure I ought to be happy when such a darling old fellow has made every thing so nice and pretty for me."

The darling old fellow kissed me, with a very pleased face, and I, subsiding to my natural level and the ordinary position of society, took a survey of my apartment.

There was no carpet; but the floor was waxed and polished in the French fashion. The walls were painted pale green, with a bright, quaint border of many colors, here and there twined round by a scroll inscribed with a text in mediæval letters. A round table stood in the centre covered with green baize; on it were a shining brass lamp and a tiny vase full of violets; scattered about the room were simple chairs—cane-seated, green-framed. Plants bloomed in the open window, through which the sun came streaming, and outside one saw only the stately walls and spire of the church, and the waving boughs of trees. A clock, its common frame made beautiful by exquisite painted designs, stood on a carved walnut bracket; a rack of open shelves held a modest supply of china. A tiny stove and sink were marked by a second screen, covered with white canvas, on which was painted Gothic scroll and leaf work; through its mazy lines grotesque monsters peered and writhed themselves. A chromo in *passe partout* frame, some sunlit, glowing scene in Italy, and a few of Dick's designs, formed our picture-gallery. Through a door beyond a bedchamber was visible, shaded, spotless, and still.

"Do you like it, Dame Trot?" asks Dick, bending his stately head very near mine.

"Like it! I think there never was any room so charming. And I know you did those lovely decorations and made that killing screen—confess now."

"Yes; we 'keeps a painter,'" says Dick, laughing; "but he can only work off-hours, unluckily."

"Then that was what made you so late every evening this month? and I was so cross, and accused you of neglecting me, when all the time you were working for me! Oh!" and I hid my face in his waistcoat, profoundly ashamed of myself. "Why didn't you tell me? What a horrid pig you must have thought me!"

"Horrid, of course! I had a serious idea of breaking off the engagement in consequence. Well, little birdie, I must leave you in your nest a while, and go to work. I'll come for you by-and-by, and we'll indulge in the dissipation of dining out to-day. To-morrow we must begin to forage for ourselves, Dame Trot." And holding me close for a moment, his great brown eyes looking lovingly into mine, my husband left me.

I don't know why or wherefore, but my first proceeding thereafter was to sit down and enjoy a good, sound, old-fashioned cry; uprising from which, refreshed like Dr. Watts's rose after the shower, I betook myself to the task of unpacking my whole wardrobe, which Dick had had sent from Aunt Becky's the day before. I took off my gray straw bonnet with its lilac ribbons, and the pale gray silk, my best, and my wedding-gown, and hung those festal garments in the closet; it seemed like taking possession of my home, that first bestowal of my garments. Then, with a joyful little cry of "Richard, darling, to think it should be *true*, and I am your wife!" I go about with my work singing gayly as a lark, "the melody of a heart content."

"Dame Trot," said Dick to me one evening late in October, "I wish I could go in for this competition at Philadelphia. It would be a thousand dollars in my pocket, to begin with, if my designs are accepted, and the commission on the building besides, to say nothing of other work following it."

"What is it, old man?" I asked, resting my chin on his shoulder as he sat, leaning on the table.

"Why, this; don't you see?" pointing to a circular letter he had received, inviting architects to furnish plans for a certain public building.

"Well, why don't you go in? Of course you can cut the other old stupids out in a minute," I said, confidently.

"I've no objection to try and accomplish that desirable end, certainly; but how the dickens are we to live in the mean time? It will be six weeks' hard work to get out the plans, and I shan't be making a cent; and I've just twenty-five dollars in the world at present." And Dick crammed his hands into both pockets with a long and dubious whistle.

"How lucky I resisted that black silk last June!" I thought, and slyly unfastening from the bosom of my dress, where I had kept it pinned all this time for safety, the little chamois bag, I held it demurely before his eyes, saying, "Small contributions thankfully received, I suppose."

"Why, Dame Trot, what's this?" and unfastening the strings, five shining eagles are poured out on the table. Fifty dollars! "Where did you get it?"

"Conjured it, of course; don't you know I'm a fairy?"

"No—but seriously."

I curled my arms about his neck, and told him the story of poor father's little legacy, and how I had used half for some good use.

"Oh my pet! my darling! All your money that you have saved so long! I can't take it from you, little birdie."

"Nonsense! I saved it for you. Besides, I consider it a very good speculation, to make a thousand dollars out of fifty."

"But if I lose the competition?"

"You *won't* lose it. I know you will win it for *me*, Dick, because—" and here, with a crimson face and the smallest mewlet of a voice, I whisper in his ear something which makes him start, and his brown eyes flash with joy and triumph. Then he takes me very closely to his heart, saying, in a low, broken voice—half pain, half exceeding love—"God bless my darling! God keep her, and"—a long, silent kiss finishes the sentence.

I think we both worked over those drawings. Day after day, for a long six weeks, when housework was ended, I drew my chair beside Dick's, and sat perched there with my feet on the rung, after the fashion of little people, watching him, and silently praying for his success; as line upon line, first rough sketch, then careful elevation, section and ground plan, and lastly, the finished perspective drawing, elaborately worked up and colored, emerged from under his steady, practiced hand. I'm sure he couldn't have thought harder or more over those famous plans than I did.

Then came a week—two weeks—of breathless suspense, for me at least; and then, one joyous afternoon, when Dick, who had gone out looking haggard and anxious, came flying up stairs and into the sitting-room, waving a slip of paper, and shouting "Huzza!" like any school-boy.

"Huzza, with all my heart!" I cried, laughing at his enthusiasm. "What's up?"

"Read that, just!" and the slip of paper was tossed over to me. I looked—it was a telegram from Philadelphia:

"Your design is accepted. The committee will write you to-morrow to come on. Congratulate you, old boy!" It was signed by an old friend of my husband's, of whom he had often spoken.

"Oh, let us be joyful!" sang I; and, catching Dick's hands, we indulged in a wild carmagnole about the sitting-room, and stopped at last breathless with laughter and singing.

"Won't we go on together, though!" said Dick, exultingly. "It shall be your wedding tour, Dame Trot. You're looking pale, my darling; the change will do you good. Come, what do you say to driving out? This ought to be a red-letter day for my little patient birdie. She has been so wonderfully helpful—such a good, good little wife."

We went. In three days we had locked up our wee housie in dingy St. Thomas's Buildings, and started joyously on our journey through the golden Indian Summer weather.

The great building was founded; its massive walls began slowly to rise from the ground. As Dick had predicted, other business quickly followed to the successful man, as is usually the case in this world; and now a new spirit began to show itself in my ever-gay companion. He had always been industrious, now he bent to his work with savage energy; he spared hardly an hour in the day for his meals; he sat up working till two or three o'clock in the morning—long after he had sent me to bed. The more work he had, the more he sought after—eagerly, hungrily. He no longer whistled and sang over his drawing-room desk; when he did allow himself any rest on the week-days, and all day Sunday, he would lie apparently quite exhausted on the pretty green couch we had added to our modest furniture, his eyes closed, and his face very pale.

"Don't work so hard, my darling," I said to him one winter evening, when, quite worn out, he had thrown himself down after dinner, and, as he often did now, begged me to turn the light as low as possible. "Why should we be in such haste to get rich? I would a hundred times rather live in my 'sky parlor' ten years to come than have you working out like this. And I am sure you will injure your eyes with so much fine drawing."

"Who told you any thing ailed my eyes?" he asked, hastily, almost angrily.

"No one—only the light seems to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Dame Trot! Don't have such ridiculous fancies! You ought to cheer me up when I am working so hard—not discourage me with doleful ideas."

"I did not mean to discourage you, Dick; please don't think so."

"Then why do you talk in that way?" he retorted, captiously; then, seeing that I could not keep back my tears, he put his arm around me, saying, fondly, "There—don't cry, my darling. I'm afraid I am often cross and stupid nowadays; but you know what we hope the summer will bring us, and I feel as though I ought to strain every nerve to get the means of making my darling comfortable in her great trial."

"Your eyes are more to you—and me—than any thing else," I whispered. "I'd rather go to St. Luke's than your sight should be injured."

"Nonsense—don't talk so, birdie," Dick said, with a little nervous shudder. "Besides, there is nothing the matter with my eyes. They smart and feel queer of evenings, to be sure; but that's nothing; a good night's rest makes them all right. Come—take the 'Builder' and read to me a while—'sufficient for the day,' you know—don't borrow trouble, Dame Trot."

His words only half reassured me; but I did as he bid me, with a secret prayer that no harm might come to my brave darling who loved me so well.

The long winter months slowly dragged themselves out. Spring came, soft and balmy, with crocuses and violets in her hands, and midsummer, bright and golden, smiled over all the land. On my breast lay a wee white daisy—Baby Margaret; but I was still in my lofty chamber, and Dick was—blind.

Yes—God help us! the blow had fallen. Shall I ever forget his awful face as he staggered in from his office and threw himself on his knees beside my bed, gasping out, "Margaret! oh, my poor darling! my punishment has come! I have been stricken all in a moment. My God! if I had listened to you last winter! What will become of us?"

Aunt Becky rose from her seat beside me. The old lady had softened wonderfully since she first heard of the new hope that had come to us. She had been our constant visitor and helper of late, and was now my tender, faithful nurse. "Children!" she said, "this is a terrible dispensation—terrible! You must feel it almost unbearable just now; but pray—pray if you can for patience. Give me the baby, Margaret. You ought to be alone with your husband, and I must go for help directly. It may not be too late."

She took the sleeping child from my arms, wrapped in her little blanket (I knew afterward that she left her in the care of the janitor's wife), and disappeared from the room. Then my poor, stricken darling groped his way to a place on the bed beside me, and we just cried in company—God help us!

"You will recover from this *first* attack, Mr. Dalton," said the calm, kindly voice of the ophthalmic surgeon, after a long and painful examination.

"Thank God!" spoke Dick, bending his head.

"But it will not do to risk a second. You must not venture to use your eyes for a year to come at least. This is indispensable."

"But, Doctor—good heavens! My wife—my child! How can I leave work for a year? I have no other resource than my professional income."

"Have you no friends who would assist you? If you wish to recover your sight you should not only give up work, but it would even be better for you to go away altogether—to Europe, say."

"Impossible!"

There was a momentary silence. Then dear old Aunt Becky, brushing away the tears that had gathered beneath her spectacles, took Dick's two white, shapely hands in her brown wrinkled ones.

"Richard," she said, "I'm an old woman now. I have nothing to live for but to make you young folks happy. I've been saving up a nest-egg all these years, and it comes to a tidy little sum now. Will you take it from your cross, crabbed old aunty, and go on this journey? Margaret and baby shall be safe with me till you come home. Will you, my dear?"

I don't know which did it, but certainly either Richard hugged my aunt, and gave her a sounding kiss, or Dr. Blount did. I think, upon the whole, it was both of them. I, lying on my sofa, to which I had been promoted for the first time, could only cry, "God bless you, from my heart, I pray, dear, dear Aunt Becky!"

A month afterward Dick went. It was a hard struggle, parting from my bonny darling for that long voyage, that longer absence in a foreign land; above all, when it was still so painful to him to do more than just glance at objects through the strange blue spectacles they put over his handsome brown eyes. Baby Margaret and I went to my aunt's old-fashioned house—unchanged since I left it to be a wife. The dear little rooms in St. Thomas's Buildings were closed and locked, the office let to an architectural friend of my husband. How happy I was when the first letter came, after three months! Only a few lines, but enough to show that the cure was working. How I longed and watched for my darling when the time drew near for his return—praying, fearing lest some accident should befall the steamer—rushing down to the office in the most unreasonable way, to know if she had been spoken, long before there was any possibility of such an event! And when the summer-tide was at its height once more, and Baby Margaret could just toddle to the door, and utter a wooing sound that my fond, believing ears announced to be "papa," the good ship *Europa* floated safely into the harbor; and through the golden sunset to the old house, as he had come many a time two years ago, came my Richard, restored, thank God! to perfection of sight and strength.

We are rich people now. Our house stands stately among the homes of the wealthy of the land. Its rooms are filled with every luxury that sense could demand or artistic taste require; but on an upper floor is a little room that is dearer to us than all the rest besides. No carpet covers its floor, the furniture is only cane, with one tiny, shabby green couch among it; a brass lamp stands on the green-covered table; a bright chromo hangs over the mantle, with a quaint screen of Gothic design beneath. And

here, in the soft twilight, often come the master and mistress of the mansion. There is sound of children's voices below. The glittering lights and festal, flower-crowned table seem to tell that a brilliant dinner-party is soon to begin. But Richard lingers yet; and putting his arm around the "blue-eyed morsel of a woman" beside him, he whispers: "I am happy now. God has given me all I could have asked; but I never can be happier than when I first brought home my darling wife—my own precious Little Dame Trot!"

A COMPLEXION FRESH AND SPOTLESS.

This important element of beauty depends upon the condition of the blood, and the vigor with which it circulates. If the vital fluid, meandering through the small veins which immediately underlie the cuticle, is of a rich red color, and flows freely under the semi-transparent exterior, the complexion will be rosy, pure, and brilliant. Stafford's Iron and Sulphur Powders, by toning the circulating vessels, and depriving the blood of any impurities it may contain, soon remove pimples, blotches, and every species of discoloration or eruption from the face, arms, bosom, or any part of the body, and render the complexion as free from blemish as a cloudless sky.

Sold by druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—Hall & Ruckel, 218 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

Another Mystery Solved.—Chemists being unable to discover the ingredients in fragrant *Sozodont*, which removes all stains from the teeth and imparts such a peculiar rosiness to the gums, the public are hereby informed that it is a preparation from the bark of the *Quillaya Saponaria*, or Soap-Tree of Chili, imported for the first time into this country for this special purpose. Such is the purifying and innocuous effect of this rare botanical agent, that it removes discolorations from the most fragile textile fabrics without injuring a single thread.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISSISQUOI SPRING.

The water of this world-renowned spring is a specific for Cancer, Scrofula, and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Thousands have been cured. The most eminent physicians prescribe it.

N. B.—The Missisquoi Springs Hotel, adjacent thereto, is first class. Board from $15 to $18 a week, or $60 a month. Route via St. Albans, Vt.

J. W. SUBLETT, Proprietor.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

ARE

Closing Out their Stock

OF

French, English, and Domestic

CARPETS,

OILCLOTHS, RUGS, MATS,

Cocoa and Canton Mattings, &c.,

AT A

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Customers and strangers are respectfully invited to examine.

Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF SUITS IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Arrangements have been made to furnish CUT PAPER PATTERNS of the beautiful Paris Costumes which it is intended shall appear fortnightly in Harper's Bazar. These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, from 30 to 46 inches *Bust Measure*, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, the names and directions for putting together being printed on each separate piece of the pattern, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.

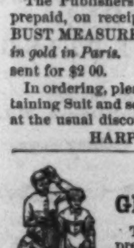
The following patterns are now ready:

WATTEAU STREET SUIT............No. 22
TRAINED CARRIAGE SUIT.......... " 24
WALKING SUIT.......................... " 26
COUNTRY WALKING SUIT........... " 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS.............. " 30

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS and BUST MEASURE. *The same Patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris.* The whole set of Nine Sizes will be sent for $2 00.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



Taking the Oath.

ROGERS' GROUPS OF STATUARY.

These groups, suitable for wedding presents or ornament, will be delivered, with all express charges prepaid, at any point east of the Mississippi, on receipt of the price, viz., from $10 to $25. Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, to JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

$10 $15. $20. $25.

The celebrated IMITATION-GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide).—These justly-celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $250 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, cor. Worth St. (up stairs), New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The Subscriber, having located his Subscription-Book business in the office of Harper & Brothers, is now prepared to offer better inducements, it is believed, than any publisher of subscription-books. The works for which his Agents are now canvassing are the following:

M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, and ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. A work adapted to the wants of all classes, being a library in itself.

WOMAN'S RECORD; or, Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Women. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. With more than 200 Portraits. The interest that is now awakened in the public mind in regard to the rights, duties, and privileges of women will commend this work to the liberal patronage of both sexes.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. Thomson, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several hundred Engravings.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: His Life and Teachings. Illustrated by Reference to the Manners, Customs, Religious Beliefs, and Political Institutions of his Times. A household book for every Christian family.

The above are all beautifully illustrated; and, being works of the highest merit, Agents may feel assured that in offering them for sale they are conferring a favor to the public and benefiting themselves.

Persons now in the business or desiring to engage in it, *and meaning business*, will address, for full particulars,

AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, New York.

MADAM FOY'S COMBINED Corset, Skirt Supporter, and BUSTLE

Is just the article needed by every lady who consults HEALTH, COMFORT, and STYLE. Testimonials in its favor are constantly being received from all parts of the country.

Lady Agents wanted in every county of the United States.

HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers, New Haven, Conn.

Important to European Travellers.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to 1869. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Revised Edition: Eighth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Square 4to, Flexible Cloth, $1 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ESTB. ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' 1809.

SAPOLIO

For General Household Purposes

Is BETTER and CHEAPER than SOAP.

PSYCHOMANCY, Fascination, or Soul Charming; 400 pages, Cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance or writing mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. Evans & Co., 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

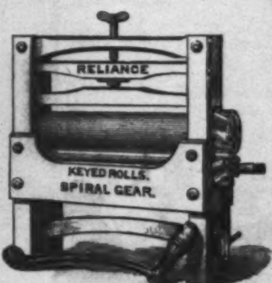
With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

$50 A WEEK paid Agents in *advance*. Address WELLMAN & CO., Lansing, Mich.

Reliance Wringer,

IMPROVED.



Keyed Rolls. White Rubber. Spiral Cogs. Easy Working. Has Curved Clamp. Fits any Tub. The Best. The Cheapest. TRY IT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL CO.,
29 Beekman St., N.Y.] PROV., R. I.

"It would be a good thing if at least one copy of this book were in every household of the United States."

THE BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM.

THE BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM. The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials. 16mo, Toned Paper, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 00.

Abounds in sensible suggestions for keeping one's person in proper order, and for doing fitly and to one's own satisfaction the thousand social duties that make up so large a part of social and domestic life.—*Correspondence of Cincinnati Chronicle.*

Full of good and sound common-sense, and its suggestions will prove valuable in many a social quandary.—*Portland Transcript.*

A very graceful and judicious compendium of the laws of etiquette, taking its name from the *Bazar* weekly, which has become an established authority with the ladies of America upon all matters of taste and refinement.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

It is, without question, the very best and most thorough work on the subject which has ever been presented to the public.—*Brooklyn Daily Times.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1 00.*

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.
MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Press and Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS CO., 15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE—*simple, cheap, reliable.* Knits Every thing. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 176 Broadway, N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER!!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at *Extremely Low Prices, for Cash*, during this month, or will take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid. Instruments to hire.

INDIAN CURE FOR CATARRH AND DEAFNESS

I will send the receipt by which I was cured of Catarrh and Deafness free. Address Mrs. M. C. Leggett, Hoboken, N. J.

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, &c., at reduced prices, warranted and sent by express C. O. D., to be examined before paid for. Liberal terms to the Trade, Agents, or Clubs. Write for a price catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 179 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. N.B. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for.

WHISKERS, MUSTACHE, or HAIR warranted to grow on man or boy in 21 days, or money refunded. Sent free for 50 cents. Address E. H. COLVIN, Hadleys' Station, Illinois.

VINEGAR.—HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

$5 to $20.—IMITATION-GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCHES. Send for circular. JOHN FOGGAN, 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

SEND 50 cents and Stamp for the NOVELTY. Every body needs it. Address J. N. BURTON, Patentee, Griffin, Ga.

MICROSCOPES. {Illustrated Price-List sent free on application. T. H. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

$250 a Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. Spencer, Brattleboro, Vt.

WESTERN WORLD New York. Best Story & Family Paper in United States. Sold by all News Dealers. Only 6 Cents.

$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents. Samples sent *free*. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

THE PERIODICALS WHICH THE HARPERS PUBLISH ARE ALMOST IDEALLY WELL EDITED.—The Nation, N. Y.

The young lady who buys a single number of Harper's Bazar is made a subscriber for life.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Harper's Bazar.

A REPOSITORY OF
FASHION, PLEASURE, AND INSTRUCTION.

Harper's Bazar has gained a success the most rapid and wonderful ever known in the annals of journalism, and is recognized as the best and most attractive family paper ever issued. As an illustrated chronicler of Fashion it is without a rival in this country. By a special arrangement, involving great expense, with the publishers of the Berlin *Bazar*—the leading journal of fashion in Europe—its fashion-plates are published in New York simultaneously with their appearance in Berlin and Paris.

A large portion of the Bazar is every week devoted to instructive and entertaining reading-matter—Stories, Poems, Biographical Sketches, and Gossip. The Editorial articles are always spicy, and cover every topic of social interest. No effort and no expense will be spared to permanently secure for this journal the victory which it has won so rapidly, and which it so well deserves.

Cut paper Patterns of the beautiful Paris Costumes in Harper's Bazar, outside the regular Supplement, graded to fit any figure from 30 to 46 inches bust measure, with the names and directions for putting together printed on each separate piece of the pattern, will be sent by the Publishers prepaid by mail on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and bust measure. The same patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris. Dressmakers supplied with the entire set of nine sizes at $2 00. Newsdealers supplied at the usual discount. In ordering, please specify the number of Bazar containing suit and send bust measure.

In the Bazar for April 16 was commenced "*The Cryptogram*," a serial story of thrilling interest, by the Author of "Cord and Creese," "The Dodge Club," &c., profusely illustrated.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

Harper's Weekly is an illustrated record of, and a commentary upon all the important events of the time. Due attention is also given to topics of especial and local interest. The best artists in the country are constantly engaged in the department of Illustration, and the Publishers are also largely indebted to photographers in all the large cities of America, Europe, and the East for prompt and valuable contributions.

As a Literary Journal, Harper's Weekly is recognized as the only illustrated newspaper which has ever succeeded in establishing and maintaining a claim to pre-eminence.

The Editorial matter of Harper's Weekly constitutes one of its most prominent features; it includes weekly articles upon National Politics, Finance, Commerce, and Miscellaneous topics.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Best Monthly Periodical, not in this country alone, but in the English language.—*The Press*, Phila.

Harper's Magazine.

The June Number began the *Forty-first Vol.* of Harper's Magazine. Its success hitherto—unrivaled by that of any other monthly periodical in Europe or America—has been due to the popular character and variety of its contents; to the enterprise of its Publishers in securing for its pages, at any cost, the best literary contributions of English and American writers; to its profusely-illustrated articles of Travel and Exploration; to the promptness, authenticity, and popular treatment of its papers upon scientific subjects, upon the mechanical improvements of the age, and upon current topics; and to the variety and interest of its special Editorial Departments—to which recently a new one has been added, viz., the Monthly Scientific Record. The elements upon which the past success of the Magazine has depended will still continue to be its leading characteristics; and its Publishers are confident that with increased attention to the wants of the reading public they will be able to enhance even its present popularity.

Harper's Magazine contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any similar periodical issued in the English language. Thus the ample space at the disposal of its Publishers will enable them to treat fully of all the topics embraced in their plan.

Published Monthly, with profuse Illustrations.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

Harper's Magazine, One Year......$4 00
Harper's Weekly, One Year...... 4 00
Harper's Bazar, One Year...... 4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.